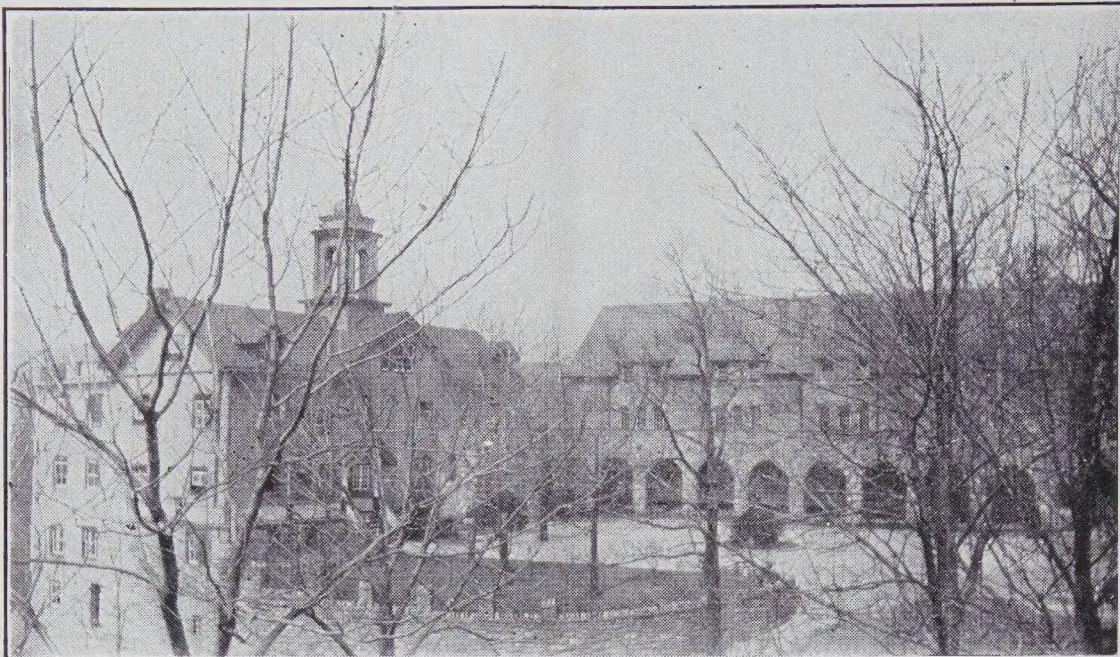


The Quill Campus



Our Lady's Assumption (Feast, August 15)



St. John's College and Cloister, Graymoor

Eighth Grade Graduates

Catholic boys who graduated from the Parochial or common grade schools this Summer, who feel they have a vocation to the holy Priesthood, are invited to apply at once for admission to St. John's Preparatory College, Mount of the Atonement, Graymoor.

The Society of the Atonement will provide you with the opportunity to fulfil your desire to serve God.

Apply Now for Information to
Very Rev. Paul James Francis, S.A.
Father General
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

Girls and young women wishing to enter the Convent at Graymoor to become Sisters of the Atonement should address:

Rev. Mother Lurana Mary Francis, S.A.
St. Francis House,
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.



For Sion's sake I will hold my Peace, and for the sake of Jerusalem I will not rest until the Just One comes forth as Brightness, and her Saviour be lighted as a Lamp.—Isaias lxii. 11.

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No. 8

SPECIAL REQUEST TO OUR READERS

You will do us a great favor, if, in the event of your receiving more than one copy of *The Lamp* or any of our literature, you notify us at once to that effect.—Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A., Editor.

An Experiment That Failed

By J. DESMOND GLEESON

If one were to ask what was the main practical result of the Reformation, one could almost answer truthfully, the Worship of Success. Riches took on a new value in life. Wealth and importance became joined in a new fashion. It was not that this idea had never been known in the world before. In Catholic times great joy in great wealth was no novelty. What was novel after the Reformation was the general change of attitude towards it. Before the event wealth might be praised, but even more so was poverty. The gatherer of just gain might be held up as one who had not wasted his time or his talents, but he would sink into insignificance beside the man who had sold all and given to the poor. But after the break-up of Christendom, poverty was no more admirable, no more noble. It became, in fact, a crime. Success, on the other hand, from being a virtue was quickly elevated to *the supreme, the one and only virtue*. SUCCESS WAS THE TEST OF LIFE, AND NOTHING SUCCEDED LIKE IT. IT WAS TO BE SOUGHT IN ALL PLACES AND, WHERE FOUND, TO BE WORSHIPPED.

It is certainly not an accident that the worship of success was the final fruit of the Reformation. It was exactly in the reformed countries that material success appeared and grew and grew, until it was overgrown. *It was the Protestant nations which were hailed as the successful nations.* It was in these nations that wealth began rapidly to accumulate. It was precisely these nations which were wealthy enough to take advantage of steam and machinery when such things became available. It was these nations which went ahead with industry when the Industrial era opened, leaving the poor Catholic nations toiling far in the rear. It was the cities of the Protestant nations that swelled out of all proportion, that turned their citizens into a vast army of wage earners. It was these nations that introduced mass production in their factories. In short, these Protestant countries were in the van of progress and led the world to greater financial triumphs. They built higher than the rest of the world, they thought broader, and they acted with more extravagance.

Nor was the thing done unconsciously. It was the peculiar boast of these countries that their greater wealth and superior methods of manufacture made them more important than their Catholic neighbors. And not only so, but they put it down definitely to their Protestant principles. They merely excelled because they were excellent. That very great English writer, Matthew Arnold, writing about the seventies of the last century, actually permits himself to say that somebody is struck, "as anyone may well be struck, with the superior freedom, order, stability, and religious earnestness, of the Protestant nations as compared with the Catholic." He sees nothing smug or complacent in the remark, nothing, for that matter, untruthful, but merely feels that he is repeating a truism. It would be interesting to have his opinion today.

It is a curious fact that the world has turned completely upside-down since Matthew Arnold wrote down these remarkable words. Today the Protestant nations are not the nations which can afford to boast of freedom. They have entirely lost their stability, and are hoping, with some desperation, that they will be able to preserve some appearance of order in their states. As to their religious earnestness, they do not even pretend to it at this date. The Protestant nations are now exactly those nations which find themselves in acute distress. The worshippers are confused and bewildered, since they can find no success to worship. They who started out so confidently have come to the end of their tether. The Protestant Experiment has failed.

If the Nordic nations had not made so much of their material superiority (while it lasted), their present failure would not seem so complete. But that failure is the outstanding mark to-day. The Catholic nations, which avoided the twin evils of concentration and centralization, not only retain their better-distributed wealth during these disturbed times, but they can boast that their wealth is real and not subject to depreciation through mere rumors or market rigging. The Protestant peoples, on the other hand, put all their

eggs in one basket, but the eggs have now gone rotten. And rotten eggs are not real wealth.

It is interesting to note at which point the Protestant tradition collapsed. It was the point of the Great War. Struck by that living fire, the stability of these nations withered. They could not come out after the shock with the same cold courage. Their foundations were rocked, their confidence shattered. It was the Catholic nations which survived that shock and have gathered themselves together again. France, Italy, Ireland, Poland, for instance, are facing the future while the Nordics are fearing it.

The first of the nations to wilt under the strain was Russia. Russia, of course, is not a Protestant nation. Nevertheless, pre-War Russia was largely a Protestant experiment. It was modelled by Peter the Great, and the greatness of Peter lay not a little in the fact that he spent a number of years wandering about among the Protestant nations. When he returned to his own land he set himself to organize the nation on Nordic principles. The model upon which he raised his new cities was a German model, Berlin, in fact. He had picked up much from England and more from Germany. His new knowledge he put into his new Russia. The newest of his new cities was even called St. Petersburg, as if to show whence it derived its name. It was about the last experiment of its kind in Europe and it is rather interesting, for that reason, to realize that it was the first to fail. It was the last city to be completed and the first to crash, and St. Petersburg was the sign of the Industrial Age in Russia. But this novel thing that had taken root in the Nordic countries took little root in Russia. It was rendered futile when the Great War struck the big Slav nation and the Bolsheviks had no difficulty in overturning it when they assumed power. They have now started a new industrial experiment of their own, which is still in the experimental stage.

But if the novelty was hardly rooted in Russia, in Germany the case was far otherwise. Industry sank a very deep, strong, iron root in that country. The tireless, and almost intolerable, patience of the German people was directed towards running their country on a machine basis. They took their machines from the rest of the world and made them bigger and better. Their passion for organization led them to organize their towns for industry down to the last detail. They organized themselves for the same purpose and when that was not enough, set out to organize the rest of the world for German industry. Of course, they failed.

But the point is that when the War struck them, the War for which they had prepared and which was now necessary for their colossal industry, it struck them all of a heap. Their machines rose from it, so to say, battered and uncertain. They were not the machines they had been. The war that was to open their era finally succeeded in closing it. All that vast organization was insufficient to keep the giant on his feet after the Great War had struck him. He stood unsteadily, waved his arms wildly, made strange speeches and then toppled over, to lie in an ungainly heap. He is at present sprawling in an agony of despair, believing that only a miracle can save him, though, at the same time, he has lost his belief in miracles.

And after Germany, we have England reduced to the same desperate plight. England the former Workshop of the World, now finds it almost impossible to keep the shop open, since the world will no longer buy the work. England did really give the world a start in the industrial movement that has now ceased to move at all and, holding out until the end, it may well be that England has now definitely closed the era.

Anyway, the machine has run down and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can start it going again. All the remedies have been tried and each has failed in its turn. Advertisement, Efficiency, Organization, and the rest, everything has been brought forward in its turn and the net result is that the machine has practically come to a full stop.

The experiment that began with such prospects and that was cheered throughout the last century as it rose from one splendid success to the next, can no longer be termed anything but a failure. It is not as if it were an isolated failure and one which was due to special defects, or to the special qualities of one set of people. The thing has failed everywhere. In America where men move quickly it has failed, no less than in Germany where men move slowly. In Australia, where the industrial experiment is still a novelty, and in England, where it is generations old, the practical result is exactly the same. The outcome of unrestrained industry is bankruptcy; the Protestant experiment ends in a general collapse.

It is not that the Catholic nations are hale and vigorous while the Protestant nations are stricken. The Catholic peoples also share the world depression. But the fact that they have kept their national assets well divided gives them a strength which those nations that have gone in for centralization do not know, now their centre has fallen.—*Catholic Advocate, Australia.*

POPULARIZING ROCK-OF-PETER BONDS

M. A. McH., New York City: *I am glad you are popularizing the Rock-of-Peter Bond. This is the first time I have taken an interest in it. I used to say to myself: "Oh, you have to have thousands to get into that."*

It is no exaggeration to say that ten thousand members of the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* could purchase outright, or on the instalment plan, a "Baby Bond" at a total cost of Fifty Dollars. Hundreds of thousands take out small policies in the *Metropolitan Life*, or some other Insurance company and it is pay, pay all the time and usually no return until the Angel of Death summons the payee to leave all earthly possessions forever. But once the Rock-of-Peter Bond is purchased interest begins at once and ceases not to be paid for the balance of the Annuitant's Life Time.

The Church Unity Movement

"COMPREHENSIVENESS"

"Comprehensiveness" is the boast of the Anglican Church and the excuse for its many doctrinal aberrations, inconsistencies and contradictions. These inconsistencies are so wide and glaring as really to constitute separate sects within the one communion; for by no stretch of charity may the doctrines of the Low Church be regarded as the same doctrines and beliefs as those of the High Church, while the Broad Church is a kind of half-way house between the extreme Protestantism of the Low Church and the almost Catholic tenets and ritualistic practices of the High Church.

Viewing these divergencies and differences, we are compelled to the conclusion that Anglican comprehensiveness is extremely elastic and accommodating and the Anglican Establishment a house divided against itself, held together only by mutual concessions and tolerations which amount to heresies by the various parts. For one part cannot be right and the other parts wrong. Truth is not divisible. It is one and absolute. We cannot profess a portion of it—as much, for instance, as suits our convenience, our ideas or our mental prejudices and predilections. We have either the whole truth or none at all. So in its divisions, each claiming to be the only right and orthodox version of Anglican belief, the Anglican Establishment is a *reductio ad absurdum*, a house of confusion and contradiction.

This, indeed, is the weakness of the whole Protestant system—this error of private interpretation of the Bible, whereby every Protestant constitutes himself his own Pope, with all the assertive and dogmatic infallibility of individual conceit and self-righteousness. Yet they cannot, or will not, see or admit the error, impossibility and absolute untenability of their positions. So Protestantism keeps on disintegrating, decomposing and subdividing into new sects, according to the doctrinal fancy of every malcontent; confusion becoming ever more confounded, and the whole Protestant world unable to offer resistance to the new-fangled, destructive, often diabolical, heresies and philosophies that are multiplying but uniting in a common warfare on Christianity, venerable Christian institutions and salutary Christian governments and laws. Only the Catholic Church, with its positive doctrines and unequivocal morality is able to resist the onslaught of the "isms" and "elogies," and eventually, as to an impregnable centre, all that is best in the Protestant sects shall have to rally around the unshakeable Mother Church in its defence of Christian teaching and Christian morals.

The Rock of Peter is the fortress of Divine Truth, the stronghold and citadel, the hope and refuge of the Christian world in the new warfare that would uproot and annihilate the ancient landmarks. By the promise of Christ, its Founder, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and it will save civilization from the new, as it saved it of old from the ancient bar-

barisms, invasions and assaults that in wave after wave threatened to engulf and overwhelm it.—*Catholic Register, Toronto.*

AS VIEWED BY THE CATHOLIC TIMES

It is not so very long ago, says the *Catholic Times* of London, since our correspondence columns rang with the indignant protests of many readers who had been deceived by the Catholic imitators among Anglican churches. Both in interior and exterior appearance these churches have gone "right over to Rome," and their services, too, are extremely good imitations of our own Mass and Benediction. Our readers were indignant—and we do not blame them. But we tremble to think of the heights their indignation may rise to if they were to see two handbills which have come into our possession. One announces "a procession of witnesses to the Incarnation of the Son of God and in honor of His Holy Mother," to be held under the auspices of the Society of Mary, who invite "all Catholics . . . to join in this Public Act." The other announces the anniversary celebrations of "The Catholic League," whose crest is adorned with a crozier and a key. These celebrations include "High Mass," Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and a High Mass for the Apostleship of Prayer in honor of the Most Sacred Heart.

It is difficult to read such notices without feeling indignant, but a closer analysis of our feelings on the point will reveal what approximates to pity rather than anger. What a yearning there must be in these unfortunate souls for the real things of the Christian dispensation; those realities that were ruthlessly shattered at the time of the "Reformation." And what a dreadful uncertainty there must be in services and devotions that have been so studiously copied from the liturgy of the Church whose authority these people refuse to acknowledge.

So far the *Catholic Times*, but is there not another way of looking at it? Cardinal Newman and many others have viewed the pro-Catholic movement in the Anglican Church, which began at Oxford one hundred years ago, as having Rome for its *terminus ad quem*, and if it does not bring the entire Anglican body back to communion with the Holy See it will lead millions of them ultimately into the Fold of Peter.

NOTED ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL CONVERT

The reception into the Catholic Church of Dr. William Edwin Orchard, English non-conformist preacher, which took place in Rome, has made a most profound impression in England, according to word received here. Dr. Orchard made his abjuration in the chapel of the Pontifical Institute under the direction of Father MacGarrigle, a Jesuit, who directed the former minister in his immediate preparation for his conversion. Dr. Orchard was formerly pastor of King's Weigh House Church, London.



The State Department of Correction, which has supervision over all New York's prisons and penal institutions, said in a recent bulletin that "Criminal acts by youthful offenders are increasing at such a rate that judges, police officials, those in charge of correctional institutions and others having contact with the courts and prisons have sounded the alarm."

One expert in prison reform work attributes the increase in young offenders to the breaking down of the American home. "Unquestionably that is true," says the Catholic News, "but the reason the American home has broken down is that it has abandoned religious influence." "Parents fail to maintain the kind of home that makes for character training," says Dr. Frank L. Christian, superintendent of Elmira Reformatory. "The delinquency of children can truthfully be laid on their own doorstep." Of course it can. The home that forgets God is bound to see its young people grow up as a rule without restraint, and, no matter whether the parents be rich or poor, delinquency among the children will be one result.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States at its meeting in May once again declined to resume membership in the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The general assembly withdrew from membership in the Council a year ago, following the circulation of a pamphlet carrying the views of a Council committee favoring the dissemination of birth control information. It was proposed recently that the assembly again affiliate with the Council, but the motion was defeated by a vote of 198 to 68.

Under the heading, "A Clear Call from Rome," the Jackson Daily News published an editorial praising the latest encyclical of Pius XI and declaring that "if the clergy of the earth, irrespective of creed or denomination, will carry the message of the Roman Pontiff to their flocks,

echoing it in no uncertain terms, it will do more toward curing our ills than all the sittings of congresses and parliaments and parleys of disarmament conferences that can be held."

The encyclical of Pope Pius XI urging prayer for Divine assistance in overcoming universal distress attracted unusual attention in the Capitol because of its pertinent and forceful reference to present economic evils. Senator Huey Long of Louisiana secured unanimous consent to have the encyclical printed in full in The Congressional Record and on the floor he read an extract from the text.

The Senate a few days ago passed a bill awarding St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Selma, Alabama, \$5,680 for damages done by Union soldiers during the Civil War.

The anti-Christian character of those now in political power in Mexico may be gauged by a news report published last week which stated that the little daughter of Saturnino Osorio, Governor of the State of Queretaro recited an invocation to Satan at a public celebration. Perhaps the recent earthquake which rocked all Mexico came as a warning that the blasphemous orgy of the politicians will not be permitted to continue much longer.

In a recent issue the Literary Digest devotes a whole page to reporting on "The Results of a Survey of Methodism in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Westchester County, made by the Methodist Episcopal Church City Planning Committee appointed two years ago by Bishop Francis J. McConnell." It appears questionnaires were sent to a 20 per cent sample in each of fifty churches. The questionnaires sent out numbered 3,570 and 1,085, or 30 per cent, were returned. This is said to be an exceedingly high return for this type of questionnaire. Of the 1,085 replies to the question-

naires we are told that 391 doubt that Christ was born of a virgin; 746 approve of birth control; 506 "prefer sermons on social problems to those on individual salvation"; 655 doubt or deny the value of prayer; 384 declare the "Church is losing ground as education advances"; 373 doubt or deny the existence of life after death; all but 453 go to church either to set an example for their children or for some social reason, and not "because they honestly benefit from the service." The survey representatives "attended 56 worship services in 28 churches" and from an analysis of them, we are told concluded: "The Methodist message is no longer an evangelical appeal."

According to a press despatch from Russia, the Communist International has rejected the proposal of the French and Indian Communist Parties to grant a sum of £100,000 to promote Communism in Ireland; the opinion being held that the available funds are at too low an ebb to allow it to make such a grant, especially in regard to Ireland, where the Catholic population is regarded as being almost impervious to Communism.

Belgium, according to the London and Liverpool Catholic Times, has 29 Catholic daily papers, 17 in the French and 12 in the Flemish language, all of them flourishing.

Serious-minded men and women of all creeds should be grateful to the Pope for the encyclical urging fairer treatment of labor, the Rev. John Walter Houck declared to his people, in a recent sermon at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Grand Concourse and 175th Street, New York.

"From the Vatican has come a note that sounds genuine and true to every sensitive ear," the pastor declared. "The accursed hunger for gold; the silly egotism of vain individuals; the exaggerated ideas about nationalism; these, as set forth in the Papal message, are root causes of our worldwide restlessness. We have sinned as nations and we must confess our guilt and seek anew the guidance of our consciences and our decent selves."

"We need to be thankful as Protestants for a leader of courage in another faith. We need to consider the voice from the Vatican as a true voice of common sense, as even more, the voice of a fearless prophet of God."

Allston Council No. 555, Knights of Columbus, has just turned over to the Supreme Office of the Order here an old chalice that was dug up near the home of Dirigo Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus, at San Domingo. The chalice was given to Michael H. Fonseca, of Allston, Mass., who was present when it was taken from the excavation.

The Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, eclipsed all his previous attacks on orthodox belief when, in the course of a sermon, he made this statement referring to mentally deficient persons: "They are not fit material for the Kingdom of God; of mud you cannot build a palace."

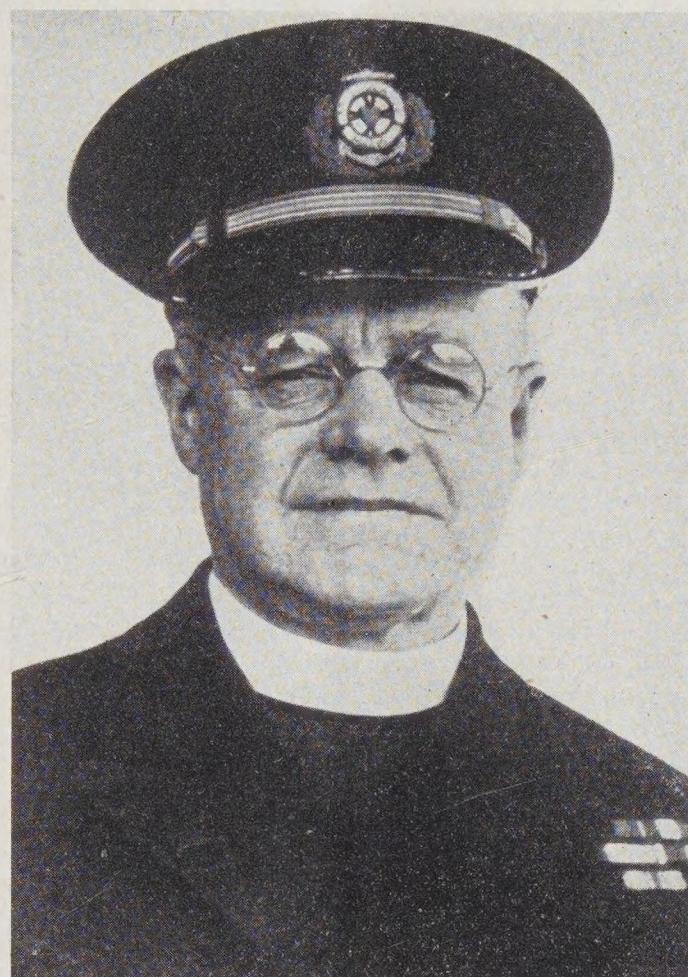
During last year, 96.88 per cent. of the marriages in Italy were solemnized in a church, according to statistics published in Rome. Also, 99.95 Catholic men out of 100 married Catholic women, and .02 of the rest married Jews.

The New Chancellor of Germany, Von Papen, is a Catholic as was his predecessor, Bruening. They belong, however, to two different wings of the Centrist party. Bruening represented the labor element and was in favor of expropriating the large estates in East Prussia for the benefit of the small peasant farmers who wanted land on which to settle. It is said that it was on this point that he broke with President Hindenberg and resigned. Von Papen is a conservative. He is the owner of the "Germania," the great Catholic paper of Germany, and was military attache in Washington during the early years of the war. His activities then resulted in a request for his recall. Whether he can do better than Bruening with Germany's problems is a question.

The trend towards things Catholic among our non-Catholic brethren was emphasized by the blessing recently of a new Shrine of the Blessed Virgin with a statue of the Madonna and Child at the Episcopal Little Church

Around the Corner on Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

Speaking before a group of young men at the University of Cincinnati, the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, urged the young men to undertake a crusade for clean reading. Citing the dissemination of sex in current literature and the press, the Archbishop declared that one of the most subtle dangers to youth today is "the so-called



Former Sailing Ship Captain, Father J. E. Rockliff, holds one of the most unusual appointments in the Catholic Church. He was appointed by Pope Pius to head the "Apostleship of the Sea". In this capacity, he travels the seas continually, establishing in all world ports Welfare Missions for seamen in need or distress. Father Rockliff has traveled a quarter of a million miles since undertaking this work.

liberalism in the matter of reading. A seeming 'sex mania' has gripped the modern world," he said, "and it is reflected in all forms of modern literature and art."

The Japanese Minister for Education has addressed a communication to the Christian missionaries, which with his consent has been published in the

Press. In this communication, the Minister declares: "Hitherto the policy of our Ministry has been too materialistic, and this has led to the regrettable result of a decline in public and private morality, a revival of Communism and even in the last few years of a pronounced anarchistic spirit. We must from now onward spiritualize our educational system. For this purpose the co-operation of religious educational institutions seems to us absolutely necessary, and we, consequently, make an urgent appeal for your help."

Thanks for the gift of faith are expressed in the will, just published in London, of the late Sir George Hugh Charles Clifford, Baronet, member of an old English Catholic family. His will begins: "I am thankful to the Almighty for all the gifts bestowed on me during my long life, and especially for the privilege of having been born in the Catholic Church, to which I owe much of my happiness and much freedom from many evils."

The Papal Commission on Spiritism which has been studying the subject for some time past has now issued its report. Spiritistic phenomena, it states, are created in the "subconscious" of mediums, or, deliberately, by the intervention of the devil.

The Commission was appointed by the Pope to study the question of spiritism all over the world. The report traces how the practice of spiritism has spread through the world. The United States is stated to be the country where most adherents are found. An enormous number of people, it is reported, are occupied with spiritism in the United States, and in no other country do books dealing with the cult find such a ready sale.

Next in order come Britain, France, Germany, Poland, Austria and Eastern countries. At the bottom of the list are Spain and Italy.

Viewing as a "false evaluation of life" the outlook which identifies success with wealth, Dr. William J.

O'Shea, Superintendent of the New York City Schools, in his annual report, stresses character development and citizenship training as "the great, if not the sole aim of the school."

"Men are becoming skeptical about the salvation of the human race by the mere taking of thought," Dr. O'Shea declares, "and they are turning with suspicion from the well-filled head to a responsive heart and a will energized by benevolence to lead the race out of the slough of conflict, competition and individualism to the highlands of human brotherhood and peace."

"Thus, there has developed the thought that although knowledge is valuable and reasoning essential, final worth is found only in the human being as a moral personality manifesting good-will and extending helpfulness toward his fellows. Character development, to this modern school of thinkers, is the great, if not the sole aim of the school."

Dr. O'Shea believes the public schools should "spiritualize the facts of life," and notes that, in consequence of the emphasis placed on the money value of education, the younger generation has received a materialistic outlook on life.

It is reported that Signor Marconi has made a new wireless discovery enabling him, by the use of ultra-short waves, to make automatic connection with telephone land lines from the sea. His new apparatus enables him to find any telephone subscriber within a radius of 100 miles. Signor Marconi is trying to increase the distance at which his method is effective.

Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, will be the scene of the 1934 International Eucharistic Congress. Poznam, Poland, was considered as the site for the 1936 Congress and is likely to be selected.

An English paper has an amusing story illustrative of Spanish courtesy. Some time ago a Spanish princess, closely related to King Alfonso, while staying in England received a letter from a Catholic plumber in the North of England, asking permission to call after the princess his newly arrived daughter, who had been born on Her Royal Highness' birthday. The princess directed her secretary to write and thank the plumber for his courtesy, and to copy carefully from his letter his proper titles. In due course

the latter received a letter addressed to: "The Illustrious Senor Patrick Hennessy, Practical Plumber, drainpipes repaired or replaced, old scrap-iron taken in exchange."

When John S. Hendrix, elderly recluse, died at Ripley, Tenn., his dog "Spot" was taken care of by neighbors, but the animal refused to eat and a few days later disappeared. He was found dead on the box that encased the coffin of his master. He had dug a hole into the grave.

For 100 years, remarks the "Michigan Catholic," Protestantism, prosperity and progress have been synonymous in the English mind. Today, the

NOTICE TO NEW YORK TOURISTS

In the June issue of *The Lamp* an invitation was extended to Lamp readers motoring by Graymoor on Sunday morning to attend Mass at St. John's, the Sisters' Convent Church, the hours of the Mass being 7 o'clock, High Mass with sermon at 10 o'clock, and a low Mass at 11 o'clock. We are happy to report an increasing acceptance of this invitation on the part of our Lamp Readers in New York and vicinity as the summer advances. It is fortunate that the church's seating capacity has been almost doubled during the past year.

leaders of two million unemployed are beginning to wonder whether it is not Calvinism which is responsible for the exaggerated capitalism of the day, whether it is not Calvinistic ethics which have brought about overproduction and consumption.

Sixty-six years of loving service as a Sister Servant of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, recently came to a close when death claimed Sister Mary Eugenia in the ninetieth year of her life at Monroe, Mich.

Rev. John J. Dillon, for over thirty years pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y., observed the golden jubilee of his ordination on June 3.

CREAM OF WIT

A little girl who had been left to watch the soup was presently heard to sing out, "Oh, mother, come quick, the soup is getting bigger than the pot."

"Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh Paint?'" asked the grocer.

"Of course I did," said the customer, "but I've seen so many signs hung up here announcing something fresh that wasn't, that I didn't believe it."—Tit-Bits.

For nearly an hour the girl had been compelled to listen to the fatuous guest.

"I fell off my bicycle last week and was knocked senseless," he remarked.

"When do you expect to get better?" she asked quickly.

Judd: "I hear they are using all sorts of materials in the manufacture of illuminating gas nowadays."

Budd: "True; they even make light of consumers' complaints!"

Cop: "Why are you racing through town at this rate?"

Speeder: "My brakes are out of order, and I wanted to get home before I have an accident."

Mr. MacTavish (arranging with minister for his second marriage): "And I should like the ceremony in my yard this time, sir."

Minister: "Good gracious, why?"

Mr. MacTavish: "Then the fowls can pick up the rice. We wasted a great deal last time."

"So that new girl of yours is lazy?"

"Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught her putting popcorn into the pancakes to make them turn over themselves."

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone; sit down."

"What's happened George?" she asked her husband, who had got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he said briefly.

"You ought to have been on the look-out for this," was the helpful remark. "You remember the guide warned you there was a fork in the road."



Atonement Week was celebrated at Graymoor under very happy auspices. It always begins on the 7th Sunday after Pentecost, which, this year, occurred on July 3rd. The Solemn High Mass in St. John's was celebrated by Friar Dominic Kenny, S.A., who, as announced in the last issue of THE LAMP, was ordained Priest with Friar Benedict, S.A., at the Catholic University on June 14th. Immediately following the beautiful Mass, in the presence of the Congregation that filled the Church, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the Forty Hours Devotion inaugurated. The watch before the Blessed Sacrament was kept during the day by the Friars and Students from the Mountain and the night watches were continued by the Sisters. The Forty Hour Devotion was concluded on Tuesday morning with Solemn High Mass and the usual ceremonies.

Thursday of Atonement Week was observed by the Friars, according to tradition, as a holiday; the Community went over to Indian Lake, where they feasted in picnic fashion and spent the balance of a delightful day swimming, boating, fishing, singing and playing various games.

Friday at 10 o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Atonement which crowns the summit of our holy Mountain, it being the 32nd Anniversary of the Father Founder's Profession. As in past years the Father General himself was the celebrant at this Mass, and also preached the sermon.

Saturday, July 9th, was the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement and this time the Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Atonement immediately in front of the Sisters' Convent. It was a very beautiful Mass and the antiphonal singing of the Sisters' Choir and that of the Friars' proved very effective.

All through Atonement week perfect Summer weather, with cool winds and delicious sunshine prevailed.

On the eve of Atonement Week two more Japanese students for the priesthood arrived at Graymoor all the way from Vancouver; Gabriel Onaka and Thomas Sato. Paul Miki entered St. John's College a year ago and Peter Katsuno the year before. Thus we now have four native Japanese converts at Graymoor aspiring to be Priests of the Atonement.

The conversions made by the Sisters of the Atonement among the Japanese in Vancouver have increased to such an extent that His Excellency, Archbishop Duke, recently invited the Father General to send an Atonement Priest to establish a Japanese parish within the city proper and, assisted by the Graymoor Sisters, to extend the work among the Japanese to two neighboring islands.

The one chosen for this important mission was the Rev. Fr. Benedict Quigley, S.A., ordained Priest at Washington last June. We give on this page a picture of Father Benedict surrounded by our four Japanese students whose names are mentioned above.

On Tuesday evening, July 19th, a reception was given in St. Mary's Hall to Fr. Benedict and Brother Fabian Gibbons, T.S.A., who was selected to accompany him. A delightful program of instrumental and vocal music was rendered on this happy occasion, Brother Fabian being among the entertainers and his piano selections were enthusiastically applauded.

Fr. Benedict's farewell speech was truly inspirational, stirring the heart-strings of all present.

At the conclusion of the exercises an English translation of the famous Departure Hymn of the Paris Foreign Missionary Society was sung. Although Fr. Benedict and his companion will go no further than Vancouver, Canada's seaport city to the Far East, he will be laboring among the most progressive people of the Orient and we anticipate the actual entrance by way of Japan into Asia of the Missionary Friars and Sisters of the Atonement as only a question of time and hence the singing of



Thomas, Peter, Fr. Benedict, Paul, Gabriel

this hymn was both fitting and most significant.

The religious ceremony of departure took the form on Wednesday morning, July 20th of a Solemn High Mass in the Little Flower Oratory with Fr. Benedict as the Celebrant, on which occasion the Father General preached the sermon, declaring that it was the most important event in the missionary development of the Society of the Atonement up to the present moment. He chose as his text the motto of the Society: *Omnia pro Christo et salute hominum*, (All things for Christ and the Salvation of Men).

He declared that for thirty-two years a prayer had been daily recited on the Mount of the Atonement that the Friars of the Atonement might be missionaries in all lands and that in prophetic vision he already saw the departure of this day multiplied and increased until the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement would actually be found laboring as Missionaries of the Cross in many parts of the world.

We ask the clients of St. Anthony to continue their patronage of Saint Anthony's Novena held in Saint Anthony's Church, Hereford, Texas. The thank-offerings sent to Father Salvator for favors granted through this Novena are so necessary that without them it would be very difficult to carry on the parochial school and support of the Sisters who do the teaching.

Eighty per cent of the people around Hereford are farmers and the disastrous price of farm products has reduced them to a state of almost abject poverty. Some have lost their farms altogether because they could not make their payments on mortgages and have been forced to go elsewhere in quest of free land.

There is great need for men's wearing apparel of all kinds that may be used by our poor Brothers Chris-



St. Anthony's Church, Hereford, Texas, with Friary and School Adjoining

topher. Suits, underwear, shoes—anything you can spare, if in fair condition, sent by parcel post to Fr. Anselm, S.A., will earn a blessing from some one of the many wayfaring guests at St. Christopher's Inn.

STUDENTS' BREAD

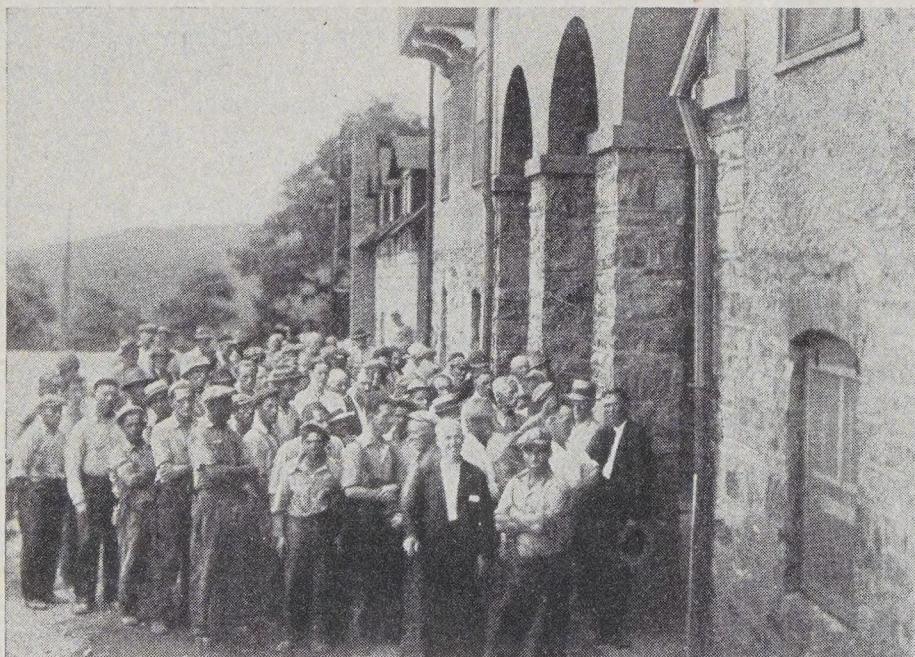
As we confidently expected, St. Anthony has taken cognizance of our need for financial help in the support of our students who are preparing to follow in his priestly footsteps, and as a result there was a substantial increase in the offerings sent in during June as may be seen by the Treasurer's report below. We are sure that from now on our Beloved Patron will see to it that our poor Students Bread Fund will not be neglected by his devout clients.

Previously Reported: \$1,219.39. R. S., Mich., \$117.71; M. H., N. Y., \$1; Rev. C. H., Ia., \$10; H. J., O., \$11.50; N. R., Nebr. \$3; H. J., O., \$2; R. H., N. J., \$5; A. F., N. Y., \$1; Mrs. R., N. Y., \$1; L. M., N. Y., \$20; K. O., Nfd., \$1; A. P., N. H., \$5; M. C., Del., \$23; F. K., N. Y., \$5; H. D., Cal., \$1; E. S., Mass., \$1; M. S., Ariz., \$10; J. H., Pa., \$1; M. I., Pa., \$1; L. F., Mass., \$5; Rev. J. L., Mich., \$1; M. M., N. Y., \$5; W. B., Inc., \$10; J. R., Can., \$1; Mrs. L. R., N. Y., \$2; Mrs. C. W., R. I., \$1; E. G., O., \$1; Mrs. E. R., N. Y., \$5; Anonymous, \$220; H. D., Cal., \$2; A. Z., N. Y., \$3; Mrs. G. H., N. Y., \$5; Anonymous, \$19.91. Received during June, 1932, \$501.12. Grand Total, \$1,720.51.

ST. ANTHONY'S FARM

It has been some time since mention was made of St. Anthony's Farm, but we are happy to say that the fund being raised towards the clearance of the debt is gaining, even though very slowly.

Previously reported: \$2,131.43. T. W. M., N. Y., \$1; I. W., N. Y., \$10; Mrs. D. C., Ill., \$3; Mrs. M. G., Fla., \$5; Mrs. F. M., Me., \$5. Received during June, 1932: \$24.00. Grand Total: \$2,155.43.



Some of Our Brothers Christopher Awaiting Their Turn in the Refectory

GRAYMOOR BURSES

The only Burse to make an advance since the last report is that of the Precious Blood which has stepped in ahead of St. Michael; the other Burses all retain the same relative positions. One Graymoor Benefactress residing in Brooklyn has been building a Burse privately for a number of years. The other day she sent her check for \$500.00, which brings the Grand Total to \$4,538.00. This Burse in all probability will soon take its place among the completed ones. Another Benefactress is doing the same thing, her Burse now amounts to \$3,400.00. May our Burse Builders be greatly multiplied.

COMPLETED BURSES

SACRED HEART No. 1, SACRED HEART No. 2, HOLY SPIRIT, ST. PETER, ST. FRANCIS, ST. ANTHONY No. 1, ST. ANTHONY No. 2, OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE, ST. AGNES, POOR SOULS No. 1; POOR SOULS No. 2, JOHN REID, THE HANNAH MEMORIAL, JULIA MALONEY, ROBERT FARRELL MEMORIAL, LITTLE FLOWER.

UNCOMPLETED BURSES

(1) St. Paul: Total, \$4,003.00.

(2) Brother Philip Self-Denial: W. S., Md., \$1; Mrs. R. M., Ind., \$7. Total, \$3,972.39.

(3) St. Patrick: L. C., N. Y., \$10. Total, \$2,857.00.

(4) All Saints: Mrs. P. O., Cal., \$1; Mrs. K. S., Md., \$1; L. H., Cal., \$1; Mrs. A. K., Ia., 20c; (Miscellaneous Burses—See Note) \$87.05. Total, \$2,809.12.

(5) Our Lady of the Atonement: T. O., Conn., \$1. Total, \$2,473.96.

(6) St. Francis Xavier: Total, \$2,392.15.

(7) Sts. Simon and Jude: E. W., Cal., \$1; A. S., N. Y., \$5; Mrs. K. S., Md., \$1. Total, \$2,257.72.

(8) St. Joseph: Mrs. P. O., Cal., \$1; Mrs. A. K., Ia., 20c. Total, \$2,127.25.

(9) Sacred Heart No. 3: Mrs. C. L. O., Cal., \$1. Total, \$1,838.77.

(10) Our Lady of Lourdes: Total \$1,610.43.

(11) St. Francis of Assisi: Total, \$1,537.34.

(12) Sacred Shoulder of Our Lord: C. J. O., N. Y., \$25. Total, \$1,336.60.

(13) Our Lady of Perpetual Help: Mrs. P. O., Cal., \$1; Mrs. L. K., Ill., 34c; J. O., Conn., \$2. Total, \$1,256.22.

(14) Pius X: D. D., N. Y., \$10. Total, \$1,187.25.

(15) Hope: Total, \$1,112.28.

(16) St. Rita: Mrs. C. J., N. Y., \$1. Total, \$1,064.63.

(17) St. Christopher: Mrs. P. O., Cal., \$3; Mrs. K. S., Md., \$1. Total, \$996.69.

(18) St. John the Baptist: Total, \$896.00. (19) Fr. Drumgoole: Total, 793.00. (20) St. Anne: Total, \$725.35. (21) Im-

maculate Conception: Total, \$638.50. (22) Holy Souls: Total, \$368.45. (23) St. Thomas Aquinas: Total, \$366.00. (24) Holy Child Jesus: Total, \$290.03. (25) St. John the Divine: Total, \$275.00. (26) St. Margaret Mary: Total, 243.95. (27) St. Gerard Magella: Total, \$237.34.

(28) Precious Blood: M. S., Mass., \$5; Mrs. C. L. O., Cal., \$1. Total, \$233.10.

(29) St. Michael: Total, \$231.00.

(30) Five Wounds: M. S., Mass., \$5. Total, \$214.76.

(31) Blessed Sacrament: Mrs. E. A. M., N. Y., \$1. Total, \$199.00.

(32) Little Flower No. 2: Mrs. P. O., Cal., \$1; J. O., Conn., \$1. Total, \$192.35.

(33) Holy Family: Total, \$170.05.

(34) Our Sorrowful Mother: Total, \$162.00.

(35) St. Anthony No. 3: A. M. C., N. Y., \$5; Mrs. H. A., N. Y., \$1. Total, \$148.12.

(36) Our Lady of Prompt Succor: Mrs. C. L. O., Cal., \$1. Total, \$130.30.

(37) Holy Spirit No. 2: Mrs. P. T. H., N. Y., \$25. Total, \$108.50.

(38) Burse of the Most Holy Trinity: Mrs. G. DeS., D. C., \$10. Total, \$31.00.

PLEASE NOTE: The following Burses have been transferred to All Saints Burse:

St. Alissis, \$2.00; St. Blaise, \$41.55; Forty Martyrs of Uganda: \$12.00; Blessed Imelda, \$10.00; St. Roch, \$3.50; Our Lady of Luxemburg, \$8.00; Holy Rosary, \$5.00; St. Rose, \$5.00. Total, \$87.05.

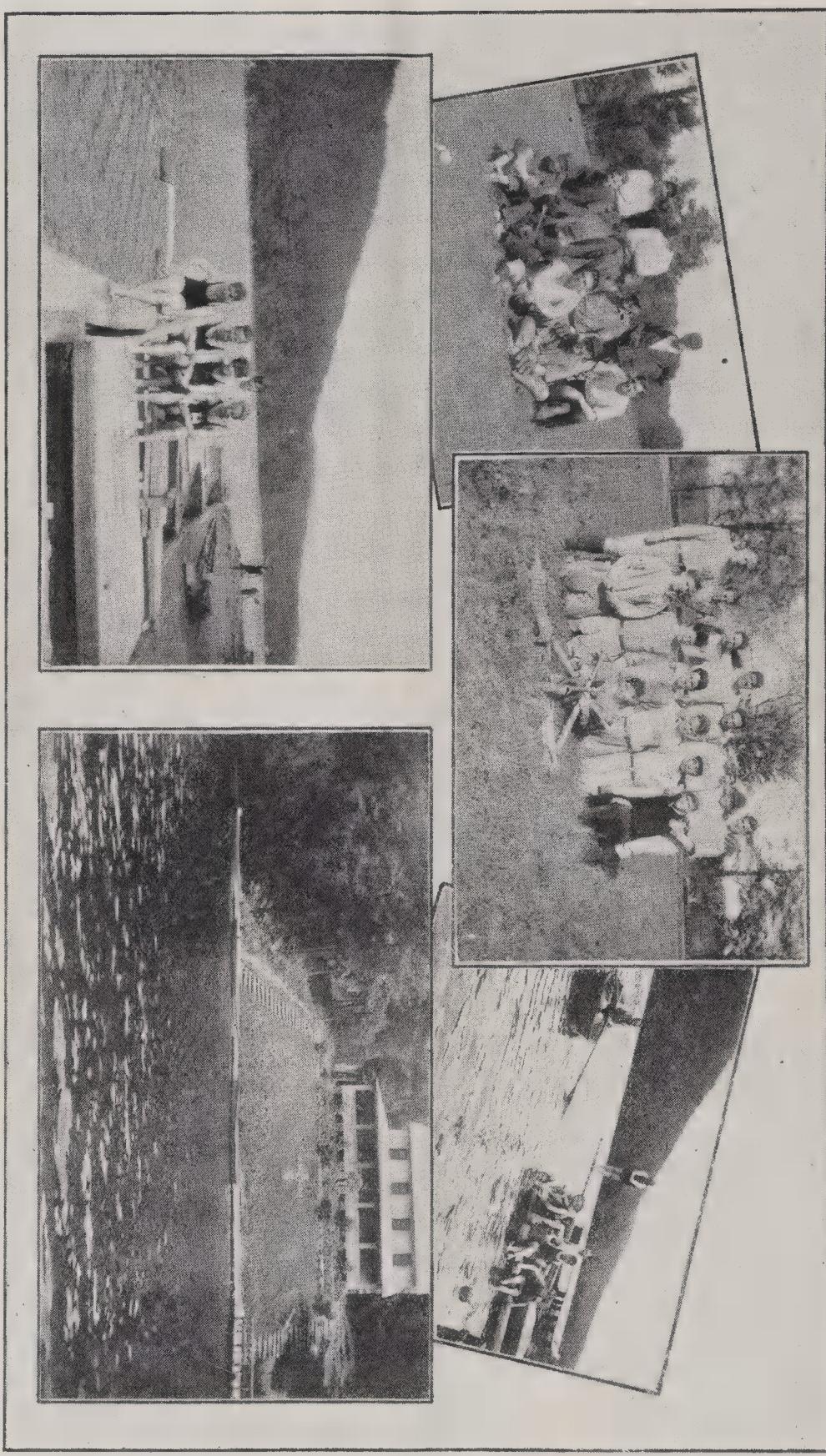
IT HAPPENS OFTEN

Many of our good Catholic people, even though not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, have the intention in mind to make a bequest in their last will to some charitable or

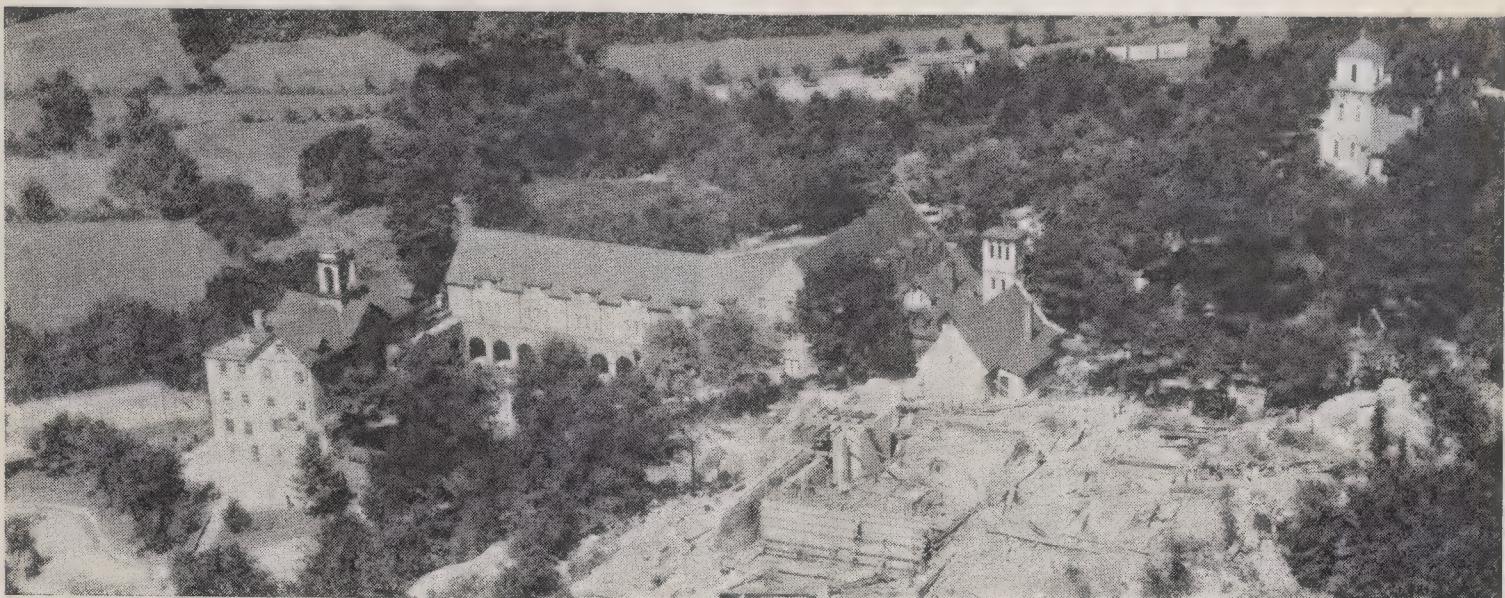
religious undertaking, but there is a vast difference between the intention and the deed and as so often happens, neither the one nor the other ever finds fulfilment. Many are called by the Angel of Death before they make their wills, and it happens often when wills are made, the wishes of the testator fail of realization because of the claims of relatives, taxes, administration and legal fees, etc.

If you wish to benefit spiritually while living and for those long eternal years after your Creator calls you home, to have your soul continue to reap the merit of your good work done in life, there is perhaps no easier or greater opportunity than that of establishing or supporting a burse for the education here at Graymoor of poor boys who have a vocation to the holy priesthood. We will welcome the founding of a Burse which may be in the form of a memorial, either for an individual or for a family, living or deceased. We will welcome also any donation, large or small, to help complete the Burses mentioned on this page.

It is a privilege to share in the training of an apostle.



1 and 2—The Vineyard Nine vs. St. John's Prep. Nine after their annual game at Graymoor on St. Anthony's Day. Baseball, basketball, soccer and football engage the free time of the athletes both at the Seminary and the Preparatory School. 3, 4 and 5—Scenes at the Friars' Summer resort at Indian Lake, where the students spend many enjoyable days. Indian Lake is three miles from Graymoor and is surrounded on all sides by rolling hills known as the Highlands of the Hudson.



Airplane View Taken Last Year of the Construction Work on St. Anthony's National Shrine at Graymoor.

THE FOUNDATION OF ST. ANTHONY'S NATIONAL SHRINE AS VIEWED FROM THE AIR A YEAR AGO.

We are reproducing at the top of this page a photograph of the foundations of St. Anthony's National Shrine as it appeared one year ago from an airplane.

There is really not much to be seen except some concrete foundation walls and wooden forms erected for concrete pouring. If another picture from the same source could be taken at the present time it would tell a very different story. All the granite walls are now completed up to the floor level of the nave and at the present time these walls are being covered with hollow tile and cement which will constitute the water-proof flooring of the superstructure. The wooden sheathing in the forefront of the picture was erected to encase the *interior* concrete walls of the Crypt. The outside walls of stone now rise to a height of some twenty feet and in this crypt provision is being made for as many as seven chapels. When one notes the relative size of the present St. Francis Church and the ground covered by the foundation walls of Saint Anthony's National Shrine it will give our readers some idea of the dimensions of the new Shrine which will tower when completed high above the present monastery church. Standing on the flat roof of the crypt, which as said above, will constitute part of the floor of the superstructure, one of the most enchanting landscape views in America can be had. It spreads out in every direction. A long stretch of the Hudson River can be seen to the southwest and on a clear day with the naked eye one can recognize the tower of the Empire State Building in New York City and with a field-glass the Chrysler Building and other skyscrapers can be singled out.

The work of construction on the Shrine is keeping pace with the offerings sent us by the Clients of St. Anthony from every part of the country but the volume of these offerings has shrunk into a tiny stream in comparison with the flood tide of contributions which came to us for the erection of this National Monument to St. Anthony prior to the setting in of the financial depression. Whether we shall be able to have the Shrine ready for dedication in October when the

Seventh Centenary of St. Anthony comes to an end is problematical. Only one of the seven chapels thus far has been subscribed for as a memorial. The main chapel can be secured by a gift of \$3,000. Side chapels are reckoned at \$2,000.00 each.

ST. ANTHONY'S BIRTHPLACE

St. Anthony, though called of Padua, where he died and was buried, was, it must be remembered, a Portuguese, and spent by far the greater part of his short life in his native land. He was born at Lisbon on the feast of the Assumption, 1195, in a house close to the Cathedral, where he was baptized with the name of Fernando. The site of this house was afterwards occupied by a church under the title of Santo Antonio da Se (St. Anthony of the Cathedral). This church was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1755, when 60,000 persons are said to have lost their lives. Soon afterwards the existing sumptuous structure was erected on the site. This handsome building was secularized after the Revolution in 1910, but not long ago the present Government, which has done so much for the cause of religion, restored it to Catholic worship, and the interior has been renovated by the Municipality of Lisbon in honor of the seventh century of St. Anthony's death. The Cathedral, though wrecked by the earthquake and twice restored since, still retains portions which were in existence at the time of the Saint's birth. The Portuguese have always had a profound veneration for their illustrious compatriot and there is probably no town in the country which does not possess a church or chapel dedicated in his honor, and few, if any, families one, at least, of whose members does not bear his name. The same applies to Portugal's vast erstwhile colony, Brazil. A few years ago at least half the Portuguese episcopate bore the name of Anthony.

A request recently to the Borough Council of West Ham (London) by the Franciscan Fathers of Forest Gate that the name of the road in which their church and friary stand should be re-named and called "St. Anthony's Road," in commemoration of the seventh centenary celebration of the Saint, was granted.



SAINT ANTHONY'S NOVENA AND SAINT ANTHONY'S BREAD

As our readers know, Saint Anthony of Padua is our GRAYMOOR COMMISSARY; to him we look for our DAILY BREAD and hitherto *we have not looked in vain*, nor do we anticipate that he will fail us in the future. Nevertheless it is most important that the Saint's Clients should understand that his task of feeding those upon the Mount of the Atonement is a MAMMOTH ONE and becoming more and more so all the time because of the rapid growth of our Institute.

Next month our Atonement College, St. John's, will open with sixty students. Saint Joseph's Novitiate is also full of Novices and besides the Friars there are the Tertiaries, the employees in the Lamp Building and the wayfaring men whom we call Brothers Christopher.

As the Wonder-Worker of Padua does not ordinarily transcend the ways of Divine Providence by raining the bread down from Heaven, he must depend upon the charity of his faithful Clients to supply it, and the way he does it is to intercede with God to grant the spiritual or temporal aids asked for by those who promise in return to give alms to the missionaries or the poor.

IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL THE WAY ST. ANTHONY ANSWERS THE PETITIONS OF THOSE WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO HIM THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF OUR GRAYMOOR NOVENA. WITNESS THE THANK-OFFERINGS WHICH MONTH TO MONTH FOR FAVORS GRANTED THROUGH OUR READERS, SAINT ANTHONY'S PERHAPS, HAVE NEVER TESTED INTERCESSORY POWERS IN GENERAL OR THROUGH THE GRAYMOOR NOVENA IN PARTICULAR. WHY NOT PUT THE GREAT SAINT TO THE TEST? ADDRESS YOUR PETITIONS TO SAINT ANTHONY'S GRAYMOOR NOVENA, GARRISON, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FAVORS RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF SAINT ANTHONY

N., Buffalo, N. Y.: Enclosed please find a small offering for a favor sought and received. The answer came before the Novena was finished.

Miss M. D., White Plains, N. Y.: Shortly after I sent in my petition my brother found work, as I asked. Hoping St. Anthony will continue to help him, and thanking the great St. Anthony for all his favors.

J. J. B., Louisville, Ky.: Fearing to lose out entirely in my railroad work, in the course of the wave of reduction, I appealed to St. Anthony, the Wonder-Worker and promised him I would donate the sum enclosed out of my first pay check after the reduction provided I was able to retain even the lowest position in the office. To my astonishment, after all the changes were made, I am grateful to acknowledge that I was not as much reduced, notwithstanding the number holding seniority over me.

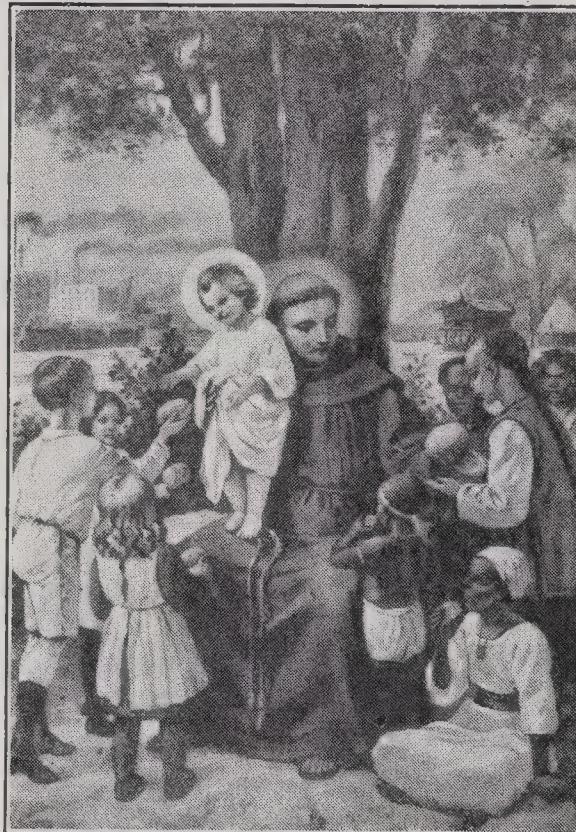
J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.: In February I made a Novena through Graymoor to St. Anthony, that I might find employment. Early in March I got the best position I ever had. Enclosed find donation as promised.

J. C., Denver, Colo.: The enclosed for St. Anthony's Bread in grateful appreciation of favors received. My praise of St. Anthony cannot be told in words. He never fails.

Mrs. M. J. McG.: I am sending the alms I promised to St. Anthony, if we could rent our flat. It was rented promptly, and things are beginning to look a little brighter for us.

Mrs. M. F., Newark, N. J.: Enclosed please find one dollar, part of my promise to St. Anthony's Shrine for a favor obtained through good St. Anthony.

Mrs. A. H., New York City: Enclosed find offering in thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of St. Anthony. I promised publication if my son obtained work, and my prayers were answered.



St. Anthony as Christ's Almoner is the Bread Saint of the Whole World

WE PUBLISH FROM GRANTED THROUGH OF OUR READERS, SAINT ANTHONY'S INTERCESSORY POWERS IN GENERAL OR THROUGH THE GRAYMOOR NOVENA IN PARTICULAR. WHY NOT PUT THE GREAT SAINT TO THE TEST? ADDRESS YOUR PETITIONS TO SAINT ANTHONY'S GRAYMOOR NOVENA, GARRISON, N. Y.

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The Pity of It!

We daresay that never since the founding of our great mission-aid organization, the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost*, have we received so many heart-moving appeals for aid from the Priests and Sisters who carry forward on the Mission Fields at home and abroad, the banner of Christ in His quest for souls, and the PITY OF IT IS, we are entirely helpless to respond because there are no available funds in the treasury of the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost*. We can but pray that God in His infinite mercy will inspire those who read this, to send an alms that will be the means of mitigating the hardships and the desperate sacrifices of the Missionaries.

The IMMEDIATE NEED is for Mass Stipends by means of which the poor Priest is enabled to maintain himself and the mission work entrusted to him, which in most cases means the support of Catechists, orphanages, and schools, etc. As most every Catholic knows, by a Mass Stipend is meant a certain monetary offering which anyone makes to the priest with the accompanying obligation of celebrating a Mass in accordance with the intentions of the donor. Surely, in every part of our own beloved and favored land there are many Catholics who wish to invoke for themselves or their dear ones, father and mother, brothers and sisters, be they living or departed, a memento in the Holy Sacrifice, and when they realize the need of so many poor Bishops and Priests, they will turn their pious wish into action and send in their Mass Intentions.

On another page we publish an appeal from Right Rev. V. A. Fernandes, Bishop of Mangalore, India, which speaks for itself; and before us as we write are a number of others from East Africa, India, China and Japan. One priest writes: "After begging every one without result, I beseech you to do me the great favor of sending a few Mass Intentions and thereby show me a little kindness and sympathy in my dire need." And another writes: "I should be so thankful for a few Mass Intentions or any kind of help for my poor Mission."

We earnestly ask our Lamp Readers to continue to make the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* the medium of distribution for such Masses as they wish to have said for their own benefit or for the souls of their beloved departed.

MASS ENDOWMENTS

We discovered long ago a felt want among the Catholic Faithful for a *Perpetual Mass Endowment Fund* where people during their lifetime could place a certain sum, or make provision in their will and then rest in the confident assurance that after their death Masses will be said for their souls every year in perpetuity. Not only have the Board of Directors of the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost*, an incorporated Missionary Society of the Catholic Church, established the Rock-of-Peter Foundation, but they have set up in that Foundation a Perpetual Mass Endowment Fund. For every hundred dollars placed therein they guarantee that five Masses will be said annually for the Donor's Soul or for the soul of whomever the Donor may name as the Beneficiary.

There are Three Ways of making Provision for Requiem Masses through the medium of the Perpetual Mass Endowment Fund of the Rock-of-Peter Foundation. The First is by a direct gift, which becomes immediately operative—the Masses being said Annually for the intentions of the Donor, still living, or else for Souls of deceased relatives;—Second, by taking out a Rock-of-Peter Annuity Bond, in which case the Annuitant enjoys a high rate of interest during his life-time and immediately after his death the Masses for his soul begin to be said at once. The Third way is by leaving a sum by Will for the Mass Endowment Fund.

Checks should be made payable to the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost, Inc.*, and addressed to the Rock-of-Peter Foundation, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

BISHOP PLEADS FOR MASS INTENTIONS

In a letter expressing his gratitude for a few Mass Intentions we were fortunate enough to be able to send him, a native Indian Bishop, Rt. Rev. V. A. Fernandes, of Mangalore writes:

I was under distress for some time past and now I feel a little relief. The depression is weighing particularly heavy on me and it comes right in the beginning of my episcopal career. Our priests have no Mass Intentions at all and the little allowance they receive is inadequate to meet their personal maintenance; consequently their mission-work must suffer and is suffering. In the bargain I had started work among the Schismatics to bring them into the Fold. They are about 2300 souls centered in three contiguous villages. There are prospects of their coming in, but I cannot complete the construction work on a small chapel already begun.

I really understand how difficult it must be for you in America to collect for charitable causes under this depression. Anyhow, I beg of you to do for me what you can and plead my cause with your friends and assure you I thank you for your part. I am praying for you and your holy work.

Yours devotedly in Our Lady of the Atonement,
Rt. Rev. V. A. FERNANDES,
Bishop of Mangalore

SISTERS NEED SCHOOL

In the name of St. Joseph, and our dear Patron, the Little Flower, whose name our convent is privileged to bear I beg you to extend a helping hand to a poor Carmelite Community and their sixty orphans.

I was just asking Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to move some kind hearts to help us a little. The thought then struck me that I should apply to you, feeling that you would understand our situation and do something for us in our extreme need and many difficulties.

Pallipore is an ancient port, originally Portuguese, and where they built a Seminary, on the site where our convent now stands. It was subsequently taken over by the Dutch, who opened a leper asylum, where the seminary was. The asylum remained such and passed into the hands of the British. About fifteen years ago, the lepers were transferred to a small island some miles away, and the building was purified. The roofs and all the wood-work burnt, and the walls and the interior exposed to the sun and rain.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Verapoly, under whose

jurisdiction we are, at the earnest request of the people, took over the site from the British and built a small convent. The asylum is now used as an Elementary school, attended by 240 children.

Our small Community of seven, including myself, do the teaching along with a few secular teachers. The enrollment is growing and the school promises to develop rapidly. Of course, as our little Convent is only seven years old, there are difficulties, especially pecuniary, but God's work must prosper.

The majority of the school children belong to the poorest class, and cannot afford to pay fees. To educate them and to clothe and feed the sixty orphans is a great strain on us, who have much difficulty to keep ourselves going.

To seek local help is next to useless, as the people are very, very poor. Our only hope is from kind benefactors outside. Won't you lighten our burden a little dear friend? The building and equipment will cost about Rupees 3,000. We shall be grateful for any donation, however small, in the shape of money, books for the library, or apparatus, science or geography.

Your humble servant
in Jesus,
Sister M. Anne,
(Superior).

Little Flower Convent, Pallipore, Via Paru, South India.

CONDENSED APPEALS

Father Thomas Kottur of Ettumanor, Travancore, India, to whom we had sent Mass Intentions from time to time, as we did to many other poor Missionaries until the supply of offerings for Mass Intentions diminished to such an extent that we had to curtail our list of beneficiaries, writes us a very appealing letter asking that we again extend to him whatever help we can

in his great need. Unfortunately, the supply of Mass Intentions sent us has never been numerous enough to enable us to respond to the many heart-touching calls from the struggling Missionary priests. Perhaps some readers of The Lamp will be able to help Father Kottur.

Rev. Father J. Kerkoff of St. Peter Claver's Mission, Namagunga, Kampala, B. E. Africa, writes: Our outlook is most gloomy. We get a grant, but this is not even sufficient to sustain us. The Mass Stipends have to make up the deficiency. So if they fail to come in, then the wolf is at the door. Then there is the money for the catechists and teachers; we cannot dismiss them, for if we do, all our work is at a standstill. So where that money is to come from God only knows. Please help us in our difficulty.



Rt. Rev. V. R. Fernandes, First Native Bishop of Mangalore, India. He Pleads for Mass Intentions.

OLD TOBY DANCES IN CHURCH

Toby, for so I'll call him, is an Indian of uncertain age. No record was made of his birth in Chiloquin, Oregon. Guessing from his general appearance, and the fact that the wisp that must pass as hair, shows more silver than gold, I make bold to say he is sixty-five. When I first met him, I found that he had never been baptized. But people spoke well of him. He knew his place, and kept it. His only companions were two dogs, Towser, a small fox terrier, and Nip, a large mongrel. The fact that Nip was big and had no love for strangers completes his character.

How I got in touch with Toby was through a Klamath Indian boy who slipped to me the word, "That ole man wants to be Catholic." So one evening I went to see Toby. As I was approaching his shack, I thanked God there was a good wire fence between the dogs and me. They appeared to lust for my unfortunate blood, but the appearance of "himself" at the door eased the situation. Soon I was sitting in Toby's kitchen. I gradually opened up the guns of Heaven and presently was storming the citadel of that Indian soul where darkness had reigned for sixty-five years. Toby decided that night to enter the Church and our first instruction was arranged for the following evening at seven o'clock.

True to my appointment, I was with Toby in his home next night, for here the missionary must call at each individual's home to instruct. Never shall I forget that first lesson in Toby's house. He had never spoken to a Catholic priest till I crossed his path, and being a bit shy and embarrassed he kept Towser and Nip in the party, as a sort of double mascot. Having explained in a general way the great truths necessary for salvation, I started asking Toby for a reasonable common sense answer to a few questions. While I popped a question to him, he at the same time popped a remark to one of the dogs. For instance, "What will God say to you if you die in mortal sin?" His reply was, "Down, Towser, down." The reply was short and surely to the point. Nip then comes into the limelight, and while I was popping questions on the subject of honesty or the seventh commandment, the mongrel was at the same time chewing an old shoe into small bits. So I fired a poser like this, "What is a person bound to do who has the habit of saying bad words?" "Drop it, Nip," says Toby. "Yes," I said, "Drop it is right."

As the instructions progressed, Toby's great ambition was to see the inside of our Catholic church. I brought him in and he was much interested. When he saw our little organ, his eyes sparkled, and he asked for a tune. I gave him a verse or two of "Lead kindly

light." As we were now good pals he called for his own selection. I nearly got a stroke when he asked for the "Merry Widow Waltz." Holy Saint Patrick and all ye holy Indian missionaries, intercede for me, for I played a few bars to please him. But when I heard his number nines begin to scrape an attempted dance in the holy house of God, I brought the music to an abrupt close. A gentle rebuke I softened with a smile. But Toby understood. He promised to keep his nines quiet in church in the future. It was a lucky break, and furnished the occasion for a little instruction on reverence for the house of God.

The stations of the Cross held Toby in mental revolutions. Each picture had to be explained, and it was pathetic to see this poor pagan shake his head in sympathy with the suffering Saviour. We all know that the unfortunate Judas was not of the crowd on Calvary. Toby had taken this in. But a ferocious wicked-looking, cruel member of the rabble appears in the seventh station. I wondered why my visitor concentrated his gaze on this representation. Then, speaking to himself, he exclaimed, "I bet that's him, that's Judas, the thief." Even now, months after his conversion, Toby throws a wicked eye at the seventh station every time he passes it. Having inspected the altar and its accessories we were about to leave the building when he turned to take a bird's eye view of the church. Suddenly he appeared as if struck to the ground and his face showed every sign of surprise, fear and horror. I asked him what was wrong. Pointing a finger to a recess up in the church, which was now getting dark, he whispered, "Who's the guy standin' on the box?"

Following the direction of his finger and probably seeing more clearly than he in the shadows which were more familiar to me, I recognized, not as Toby thought, a ghostly intruder, but the life-size statue of St. Joseph, standing on a five-foot pedestal. As I explained away Toby's fears, I fancied I saw a sweet smile pass over the face of good Saint Joseph. When my convert closes his lately opened eyes in death, I trust that the patron of a happy death will have forgotten the old man's unintentional slight.

Dear good readers, when you sit in your beautiful churches, not too lovely for the glory of God, say a prayer for poor struggling Chiloquin with its handful of Catholics bravely standing beside the Cross. And when you gaze on the statue of St. Joseph, remember poor Toby, his innocence, his sympathy, his honesty, and, yes, his number nines and help me to pray into the true fold of the Good Shepherd these fine old souls of pagan Chiloquin where St. Joseph got his latest but uncanonical title of "the guy standin' on the box." Chiloquin, Oregon.

(REV.) KEVIN DOYLE.



Klamath Indian Boy



An Extraordinary Opportunity

REV. EDWARD GARESCHE, S.J.

We wish to communicate to the readers of THE LAMP the very unusual opportunity to do an immense lot of good at a very moderate investment. The Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board has recently learned of the existence of some beautiful sets of surgical instruments intended for the use of the United States Army during the war.

Each of these sets is so complete that the Commandant of the U. S. Navy, who has visited a number of mission hospitals recently declared that one set of these instruments is better than all the instruments which an ordinary mission hospital possesses. An individual, buying the instruments in one of these sets, would have to pay about \$400 for them. But by a special arrangement with a firm which has bought some of these from the Government we are able to send one of these kits to a mission for every donation of \$30.00!

What use could you make of such a donation that is more effective than supplying one of these kits to a mission hospital? This Commandant of the Navy declared that in the Navy they were using some instruments which were still good and serviceable, though he was sure they dated from about the Civil War! Think of the thousands and thousands of poor sufferers who would be helped and the vast amount of human misery relieved by the use of these kits—and think of all the grateful prayers which would be offered for the benefactors who made it possible for us to send such a serviceable donation to the missions.

The time is very short in which we

have to decide whether or not we can purchase these kits. Any contribution you can send towards this noble purpose will be very helpful. Please also bear in mind the Purchase and Maintenance Fund, which has been slowed down by the depression and which is so necessary to keep the headquarters in operation, so that it can continue with its good work for the Medical Missions. Those who send a donation of \$10.00 towards the Purchase and Maintenance Fund have a right to have their names put under the altar of the Blessed Virgin in our Chapel. Last year 127 holy Masses were said by the Father Director on this altar for our work, our workers and our benefactors, especially those whose names are under the altar. The Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement, whose Motherhouse is at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. and who work at headquarters attended these Masses and offered many Holy Communions for our benefactors. Besides this, many missionaries and their flocks pray daily for those who help us.

Send your contributions to Rev. E. F. Garesche, S.J., 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York City.

Here is a letter from a grateful Missionary Father from the far-off Islands of the Pacific:

We have a dispensary for the care of the sick in the district and we write to you today to express our gratitude for past assistance and to express our present wants. There are all kinds of sickness, and we would appreciate it if you could help us with any kind of drugs, ointments for wounds, ulcers, medicines for fevers, and a supply of bandages.

We promise to pray for you and our benefactors daily.



How Medicines Are Stored and Classified, Ready for Shipment to Every Part of the World at C. M. M. B. Headquarters

**STATEMENT OF MONEYS DISBURSED BY
THE UNION-THE-NOTHING-BE-LOST, INC.
APRIL 1—JUNE 30, 1932**

Africa

Rev. G. B., Kenya, M. I., \$63; Mt. Rev. J. C., Uganda, alms, \$30; Rev. P. C., Kenya, M. I., \$3; alms, \$283; Rev. L. E., Natal, M. I., \$1,600; Rev. Mo. K., O.S.F., Uganda, alms, \$23; Rev. A. V., Bechuanaland, alms, \$25; Rev. Mo. X., O.S.F., Uganda, alms, \$2.

China

Rev. C. B., O.F.M., Shantung, M. I., \$16; Most Rev. P. F., C.M., Hangchow, alms, \$45; Most Rev. E. G., Hupeh, alms, \$6; Rev. G. T., Kiang-Si, alms, \$30; Rev. L. T., C.M., Hang Chow, alms, \$26; Rev. A. D., M.M., Pingnam, alms, \$5.

Europe

AUSTRIA: Rev. A. G., Wien, M. I., \$75; Rev. G. J., Vorarlberg, M. I., \$5; Rev. Mo. P., Linz, alms, \$28.50. BELGIUM: Rev. G. B., Brussels, M. I., \$30. CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Rev. Mo. A., Friewaldau, M. I., \$75. ENGLAND: Rev. Abbess F. G., Wales, alms, \$1; Rev. Sr. H., O.S.B., Carlisle, alms, \$45; C. E. D., Kent, alms, \$45. GERMANY: Sr. M. A., O.C.D., Kreis Bonn, alms, \$20; Srs. St. T., Offenbach, alms, \$5. ITALY: Srs. of A., Assisi, M. I., \$90; Sr. J., Rome, M. I., \$90; Rev. Mo. C. M., Sicily, alms, \$60; Rev. A. R., T.O.R., Rome, M.M., \$200, alms, \$1; Rev. Mo. C. Z., Assisi, M. I., \$90; Rev. T. J. M., Rome, M. I., \$10. PORTUGAL: M. S., Funchal, alms, \$15. SPAIN: Rev. C. L., Tarragona, M. I., \$50; Rev. Fr. A., D.C., Tarazona, M. I., \$22, alms, \$7.

Holy Childhood Association

Received for Membership in the Association: \$20.02.

India

Sr. E. A., Palai, alms, \$5; Rev. M. B., S.J., Malabar, alms, \$58; M. I., \$3; Most Rev. B. A., O.C.D., Travancore, M. I., \$1, alms, \$2; Rev. P. A., Karunguli, alms, \$3; Most Rev. A. C., Kottayam, alms, \$200, M. I., \$140; Ven. Sr. M. C., Travancore, alms, \$15; Rev. T. D., Tindivanam, alms, \$5; Msgr. V. F., Mangalore, alms, \$75; Most Rev. P. F., Kumbakonam, M. I., \$30, alms, \$7; Rev. J. H., Ranchi, alms, \$16; Most Rev. M. I., Tiruvella, M. I., \$107, alms, \$5; Most Rev. J. J. K., Aravancore, M. I., \$215; Most Rev. A. K., Ernakulam, M. I., \$130.50; Rev. T. K., Travancore, alms, \$125; V. Rev. S. P., Travancore, alms, \$6; Rev. Mo. S., Thiruvella, alms, \$20; Most Rev. M. T., O.C.I., Tiruvalla, alms, \$26; M. I., \$5; V. Sr. U., Palai, alms, \$4.50; Mo. M., Cochin, alms, \$1.

Japan

Most Rev. J. C., Osaka, M. I., \$820, alms, \$32.

Medical Mission Branch

FOREIGN—CHINA: Sr. D., Chenting Foo, alms, \$50; Sr. D., Che Kiang, alms, \$50; Sr. E., Chentingfu, alms, \$30; Sr. I., Tsao Molou, alms, \$51; Sr. J., Shanghai,

alms, \$31; Sr. L., Ning Po, alms, \$48.25; Rev. Mo. M., Wenchow, alms, \$50; Sr. R., Peking, alms, \$53.50; Sr. S., Kiang Si, alms, \$5; Sr. V., Nanchang, alms, \$5; Sr. X., Chusan, alms, \$51.

Philippine Islands

Rev. V. D., alms, \$75; Rev. P. H., Rizal, alms, \$30; Rev. A. D., Bayombong, alms, \$5.

Miscellaneous Missions

FOREIGN: Most Rev. J. C., S.J., Alaska, alms, \$121.30; Rev. I., O.C.D., Iraq, alms, \$5; Sr. A., S.A., Canada, M. I., \$23; Rev. P. B., Trinidad, M. I., \$5; Srs. of P. B., Cuba, alms, \$112.50; Rev. Fr. A., Korea, alms, \$33; Sr. D. Korea, alms, \$10. DOMESTIC: Rev. A. B., Ariz., alms, \$45; Rev. H. D., Ga., alms, \$37.50; A. E., Va., alms, \$15; Rev. J. E., N. C., alms, \$20; E. G., Pa., alms, \$45; A. H., Md., alms, \$15; M. K., Can., alms, \$45; A. R., Can., alms, \$15; Rev. S., S.A., Texas, alms, \$150; Mt. St. P., N. M., alms, \$20; Srs. of A., N. Y., alms, \$75; C. S., Pa., \$75; N. Md., alms, \$2; Fr. Q., Ill., alms, \$5; Mo. M., N. J., alms, \$5; C. O., N. Y., alms, \$10.49; H. D., O., alms, \$6; Rev. B., N. Y., \$15; Rev. R. O., N. M., alms, \$50; Rev. J. H., Del., alms, \$1; St. J. School, Del., alms, \$1; Cath. Med. Mission Board, N. Y., alms, \$47; Rev. H. A. C., O.M.I., Texas, alms, \$5.

Masses Distributed in U. S. A.

Rev. M. A., Md., \$20; Rev. S. A., O.C.D., Okla., \$90; Rev. J. C., O.C.D., Texas, \$30; Rev. H. C., Texas, alms, \$150; Mt. Rev. T. C., Minn., \$50; Rev. F. C., N. J., \$30; Rev. P. C., Texas, \$15; Rev. Fr., S., S.A., Texas, \$95; Rev. L. G., Cal., \$20; Most Rev. R. G., Texas, \$100; Rev. B. G., M.S.C., Ill., \$30; Rev. R. H., N. Y., \$90; Rev. S. J., N. Y., \$44; Rev. J. L., Mich., \$39; Rev. J. M., N. Y., \$15; Rev. R. O., N. M., \$50; Rev. B. O., Can., \$30; Rev. J. O., N. D., \$40; Rev. Fr. P., N. Y., \$95; Rev. J. P., O. C. D., Okla., \$75; Rev. Fr. S., S.D.S., D. C., \$20.25; Rev. F. S., T.O.R., Pa., \$35; Rev. J. S., Pa., \$15; Rev. A. T., O.S.F., Pa., \$63; Rev. Fr. I., T.S.A., N. Y., \$75; Rev. J. J. O., S.D., \$5; S. A. Fathers, N. Y., \$1,312.50; Rev. Fr. B., S.A., D. C., \$142. Total Disbursements: \$9,523.81.

Editor's Note:

The quarterly report issued in May recorded the distribution of more than thirteen thousand dollars, so the above report for the last three months indicates a serious curtailment in mission-aid. We beg our readers to remember the trials and sacrifices of the Priests and Sisters working in the lonely outposts of the Mission Field and in whose hands the alms of a few dollars can do so much for the sick poor and the orphans, and make easier the conversion of pagan souls.

**HAVE YOU MADE YOUR ANNUAL OFFERING
TO THE UNION-THE-NOTHING-BE-LOST?**

Permit the President to remind you, dear Reader, of an important article of the Constitution of our Missionary Union. It runs as follows: "In place of dues every member of the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* shall observe Self-Denial Week, which begins on Mid-Lent Sunday, and shall send a free-will offering to the Central Treasury of the Union at Graymoor, N. Y."

A contribution sent any time during the year, whether it be a specific gift to some missionary whose appeal you have read in *The Lamp*, or a gift to the General Fund, is a fulfilment of this obligation. If you have made no offering of any kind to the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* since January 1st, 1932, then this article of the Constitution has not yet been complied with and our Missionary Association is laboring under a serious deficit in consequence. There is a long list of Missionaries in China, Japan, India, Africa, Europe, Philippine Islands, the United States, Canada and Alaska, who have been accustomed for years to receive aid from the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost*, and if we suddenly stop assisting them, we impose on them a great hardship and disappointment. Consequently we have kept postponing the sad notice, hoping against hope that the period of depression would end and more plentiful offerings pour into the General Fund of the Union. Meanwhile, alas, the deficit grows. If only the tens of thousands of our Lamp Army, who could do so without serious inconvenience to themselves, would only send an offering to the General Fund, however small it might be, the deficit would quickly disappear and further retrenchment at the expense of the Missionaries would be unnecessary.

Think about this, dear Reader, and send your belated annual contribution to the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* as soon as possible.



The Holy Childhood Association (of which the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* has ■ Branch) is ■ world-wide Society of Catholic children, whose object is the ransom, education and support of pagan children everywhere. Dues for each member ■ twelve cents ■ year. Infants and children of all ages are eligible, both living and dead. Benefits of membership are many Masses, prayers and indulgences. Send applications and dues for membership to the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost*, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

Sister Innocentia's Letter to H. C. A. Members

Dear Members and Friends of the H. C. A.:

This month we keep the glorious Feast of the Assumption into Heaven of our beautiful Mother Mary, where she was crowned Queen of all the Angels and Saints. And once again we picture to ourselves that ecstatic moment when the King of the Heavenly City placed the royal crown upon Mary's brow, and enthroned her above all the Heavenly Hosts. And the Angels and all the Courts of Heaven rejoice at the sight of their beautiful Queen. Wouldn't you like to be there with those happy Angels, and see how beautiful she is? . . . So would I. But we are not there, and we can't see our own dear Mother Mary, with her vesture of sunbeams, and her crown of twelve stars,—we can't see her in all her royal splendor — so what are we going to do?—Sit down and cry about it?—Of course not! How silly that would be! Who ever heard of such a thing! Well, then, what are we going to do? Just let me ask you a question, first, and then you'll know. — Did you ever hear of the poor abandoned little pagan babies, so many of whom will never, never see our dear Mother Mary, because their souls

have not been washed by the saving waters of Baptism? Did you ever hear of them?—O yes! And now we know what to do—what gift to bring for the crowning of our Mother Queen! Since we cannot see her in her glory, we can at least make it possible, by sending five dollars for its ransom, for one of these poor waifs to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and to rejoice with the happy Angels in Mary's beauty. And will she be pleased with this coronation gift? Will the glorious Queen of Heaven, with her starry crown and the moon for her footstool,—will she be pleased with our gift? Why, yes; for in Mary's eyes, one soul redeemed by her own Son's Most Precious Blood, is of far more value than her gorgeous throne, or her crown of twelve stars.—Twelve Stars! That reminds me . . . perhaps

there are some H. C. A. Members who did not pay their dues this year. You know it is only twelve cents a year. So if you have forgotten it, please send in your twelve pennies this month, — one penny for each star in Mary's crown. Isn't that beautiful?

And may our Blessed Lady look down on you and love you.

Lovingly in the
Holy Child,

SISTER INNOCENTIA,
S.A.



The Arrival of Babies at Nanchang

Problem of the Outcast Infant

We send the gardener out for them, baptize them and place them in baskets in the Girls' School. Then we send out to town for a woman who is able and willing to nurse a baby. And such women are hard to find just now, so that three of the five infants are still on my hands, and it is a smart man who would know what to do with them. I have given one to each of three girls in the school and also some tins of milk which they mix with hot water to feed the mites. Once I watched the operation. They just lay the baby on the flat of its back and spill in the milk-and-water with a large spoon. Why the mites have not been choked long ago is a mystery to me. If the baby does not swallow at once they just grip its nose with their fingers as if in a vice. This makes the baby squeal—it would make any baby squeal—and as it opens its mouth to squeal, the milk-and-water runs back and down its throat. And so baby is fed.

The girls were delighted while the babies were new; but when they found that babies cry at night, and that one must get up, heat the milk and go through the elaborate process of feeding them—well, they gave me to understand that if I could get a few nursing women to take them off their hands they would not object.

But as I say, that is not quite as simple as it looks. A great many of these babies live on for a year or two and then die, mainly I believe, because of exposure, and because they are deprived for days at a time of their natural milk. The ones we pick up vary in age from a week to a month. Should no one bother to come in and tell us that a baby is lying outside our gate the poor mite may be lying there for a whole day before we find it, as we rarely open that particular door. We complained of this and, mind you, our complaint got to the ears of the general public with the result that they have most obligingly remedied the evil. Now, the mother comes along to the door with the baby she wishes to get rid of, stands there for a while gazing into space in a careless sort of manner but really to see that there is nobody about, for even among pagans the abandonment of babies is regarded as a disgrace to the family. Having ascertained that the coast is clear, she puts the baby on our door-step gives a few sharp knocks on the door, and then runs away. At first we were puzzled as to who might be knocking at the door, but we soon got to understand and admire this "brain-wave." Now, when the door goes rat-a-tat-tat we know that, as our teacher here puts it, "the post has arrived." The new mode of procedure gives the baby a chance. I need scarcely say that a half-clad, month-old baby, lying all day on a cold stone step, in weather like this, is not to be blamed if she sees nothing to laugh at.

The following delightfully written article by Father Michael Moran, Maynooth Mission, Nan Feng (Province of Kiangsi), for the FAR EAST, St. Columban's, Ireland, throws a flood of useful light on the subject of China's abandoned babies.

Parents Not Heartless

Contrary to what, I fancy, is the general opinion at home, the vast majority of these babies are born in lawful wedlock. If two or more baby-girls are born in a family the poorer classes are quite anxious to part with some of them. If they explain

their wishes to a Catholic woman friend she will advise them to bring the babies to the priest who will receive and treat them kindly. In that case they pluck up courage and come along to us with their babies openly. But should they have no Catholic friend then they try the "dumping" method. In all this they are not heartless; it is sheer want that is responsible for most of the abandonment of babies and often the parents will inquire how their little one is progressing. So, too, about nightfall of the day on which a mother leaves her baby on our door-step, she will come along to see if it has been taken inside. One woman finding her baby still there picked it up to take home and, being caught in the act, said that "she didn't know whose baby it was!" But of course I did not believe that. She said if I wouldn't take the baby, she would give it to the pagan orphanage. The latter is our rival here. It is a huge building on a hill across the way endowed and maintained by the town council from taxes raised for the support of foundlings. Should we ever refuse a baby then the parents would go straight with it and drop it into that place. There are a few old pagan grey-beards in charge there. I don't know what they do with the baby when they get it, but I do know that should I or anyone else—even a tramp—go along and ask for a baby they will gladly hand one out free, gratis and for nothing.

But, thanks to charitable donors abroad, we never have been compelled to refuse admittance to a baby. Those of them who live we send on to the Mission Headquarters in Kien Chang, as soon as they are able to handle a bowl of rice and chopsticks. There they are fed and clothed until they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen when they get a Catholic husband.

A Contrast

Anybody can see the difference between the two systems, and I am happy to say the Church here gets the preference even from pagans. Indeed we seem to have put the old grey-beards on the hill out of action. Imagine putting old men like them in charge of orphans! What do they know about babies anyway? The Church has the Sisters and a staff of competent women to take charge of them.

About a year ago, I called over to see one of those grey-beards. I found him seated at a table smoking his water-pipe, and shaking his head. He rose to

salute me. "The honorable Sir has most elaborate accommodations here for orphans," I remarked. "Ah! not so, not so," he replied, smiling at the compliment. "Before the Boxer Rising, when you Sen-fus (priests) had no church in Nan Feng, we got very many orphans. But after the Rising you built big orphanage and then the people went there with their orphans. From that time on we got very few, and now we get none at all."

Then he showed me over the whole place. There were at least one hundred rooms, but all bore indications of decay. When he had showed me all, he bowed me gracefully out the door.

Mothers of Catholic Families

I have said that when our orphans grow up we get them married to Catholics. It's surprising what fine Catholic mothers these orphans make. There's one here who was picked up long ago by some old French priest now gone to his reward. She's a study—a large, blustering woman with unbound feet. She married a man—a Catholic—one of whose arms and legs would seem to have been lifeless from birth. She has two sons and two daughters and is as happy as the day is long. She always refers to her husband as "my cripple," but she's quite happy with him. As for his crippled condition, she explained to me one day: "Well, the poor fellow couldn't help that, and I might as well be married to him as to somebody else. If I did not marry him then someone else would." "Every lady to her fancy, ma'am," I said; "I am sure few begrudge him to you."

She does all the outdoor work and comes striding in to town on a market day with two baskets hanging from the ends of a stick across her shoulder. One usually contains a young pig, the other some hens, or other domestic things for sale. She jostles big, rough men about the market-place and if any are foolish enough to protest, then he will have to take a choice between a slap of the stick or a slap of the bonham. It will all depend on which she happens to have in her hands at the time. She doesn't bandy words. With the price of the things she markets she buys groceries for the family and off she trots "without" as she said, "minding anybody's business but my own." Her children are model Catholics.

Whoever in life has given a penny in support of such should die happy. It will not be forgotten. Of all great works of Christian Charity I think picking the helpless foundlings off the streets is the greatest.

At the moment there is peace here, but the people are now facing a new terror, namely famine. Although this is the fat season of the year, rice and all other necessities of life have gone up to 2, 3, 4 and in some cases 8 times the usual price; sometimes it is difficult to buy at any price. Last year most people couldn't plant the rice and other crops because of the bandit raids. And, this year, the population has been about doubled by the huge numbers of soldiers sent here to protect us from the bandits. So between all, the consumption is enormous and the supply scarce. However God is good.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHINESE BABY RESCUE FUND

Previously reported, \$973.75. Nellie Enright, Wis., to buy a baby, \$5; Anna Fehn, N. Y., to buy Mary Agnes, \$5; Dorothy Gagne, N. Y., to buy Richard Louis, \$5; Mrs. M.

E. Doyle, Can., to support a baby, \$1; Mrs. Catherine Kane, N. Y., to buy Joseph Jude, \$5; Nellie Burns, Cleveland, O., to buy Joseph Jude, \$5; Mrs. Lillian Rosenberg, Conn., to buy Kenneth Charles, \$5; Convent of Holy Child Jesus, Pa., toward purchase of a baby, \$2.25; Mrs. C. Sears, N. J., to buy Mary, \$5; Mary Coghlan, N. Y., to buy Philomena, \$5; Sr. M. Urban, Pa., to buy Mary Ann, \$5; Srs. of Atonement, N. Y., to buy Kathleen, \$5; Elizabeth C. Fallon, N. Y., to buy Mary, \$5; Caroline Duffy, N. J., to buy Anthony, \$5; Mrs. C. Hennesy, S. C., to buy a baby, \$5; Emily Finn, Me., to buy Jude and Anthony, \$10; Anonymous, Mass., to buy three babies, \$15; Mrs. E. Mulvaney, Mass., to buy Mary, \$5; Mrs. D. Holdera, Pa., to buy a baby, \$5; Mrs. Mary Ward, Pa., to buy



A Little Soul Is Saved By the Pennies of the Holy Childhood Members

John, \$5; Srs. of Atonement, N. Y., to buy Eileen Veronica, \$5; Mary A. St. Amand, Can., toward purchase of a Chinese baby, \$1; Mrs. C. B. Mortimer, Pa., toward purchase of Francis Anthony, \$2.50; Mrs. J. Potilla, N. Y., to buy Mary Jeanne, \$5; Mrs. J. H. Messier, Mass., to buy Christopher, \$5; John McIntyre, N. Y., to buy Mary Theresa, \$5; Mary Roberti, N. Y., to buy Mary Bridget, Joseph Patrick, and Anthony Mary, \$15; Mrs. H. Carey, Pa., to buy a baby, \$5. Received during June, 1932: \$156.75. Grand Total, \$1,130.50.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is almost double the amount reported last month. As this report was compiled before the issue of the July Lamp containing Sister Innocentia's first letter since she was invited by the Editor to come again to the rescue of the Chinese babies, it cannot be attributed to her pen though the increase might be attributed to her prayers.

Rosalie's Covenant

By ISABELLE E. KEELER

Back and forth, before a full-length mirror which hung in the dim hall, went the graceful figure of Joan Ivy, her eyes alight with excitement, her cheeks flushed with pleasure by the charming reflection of herself in the old looking glass. The house was echoing all around her to the click of typewriter keys, the drone of students' voices, reciting in six different languages, passages from the Bible or lessons from various history books. Nobody would pay any attention to her until the big gong should sound from her Uncle's study.

Joan was thirteen years old, and today of all days, she planned to spend as her fancy dictated. Up in the attic, she had come across old costumes, mellowed by time, breathing the scent of romance. Into a very lovely yellow brocade dress, with billowing skirts and quaint puffed sleeves, she had wriggled her slender, gawky body, pinning her long chestnut curls up under the brim of the drooping leg-horn hat that was perched bewitchingly upon her head. The hands of the wall clock pointed to ten minutes of eleven; another hour of blissful freedom and then, Joan told herself, she would fly upstairs, don her regulation blue serge skirt with the tiresome white middy blouse, and be ready to meet Rosalie and her uncle in the reception room by lunch time.

Sometimes, Joan found it very convenient, having a governess who was as nice as Rosalie Leonard, who was so young that she still attended classes and sympathized with Joan's whims. This one—to dress up and pretend she was a great lady, to watch her own image as she made speeches, was frowned upon by the Reverend John Ivy and his older sister, Joan's Aunt Martha. But then, Aunt Martha frowned so much that her forehead was growing puckered and her smile frozen.

Even Job, the unfortunate and scarred victim of many a back-yard battle among his feline associates, was puzzled by this mistress who would not keep still long enough for him to have his neck scratched.

"It's all right, Job, old fellow, you needn't look so worried," cried Joan as she bowed very low and reached out to pat the big cat's soft body, "I'll soon be the old Joan, with short skirts and hair neatly pinned back behind my ears. The Joan who cribs bones for you and lets you take naps on Auntie's nice white bed-spreads. Oh, dear! if only she believed in children and animals having a good time, what a fine old place this world would be." No sooner had the words left her smiling lips than a distant sound made Joan gather her long skirts up for a hasty dash towards the back stairs. Footsteps were coming down the upper corridor, voices could be heard, murmuring . . . about her.

"Well, John, if you do not curb this young hoodlum in her wild ways, you will have trouble on your hands. She is far too old to act in such a childish manner. I think most of the blame should be placed on Miss Leonard. She is not a good influence for your niece."

"What makes you say that, Martha? Is it just because Ro--Miss Leonard is young and rather pretty that you find fault with her?"

THE PRISONER

The steps were now descending the winding stairway and the answer to her Uncle John's question was never given, for Aunt Martha had caught sight of her niece and she almost ran down the remaining steps in her haste to make that young person her prisoner.

"See what she has been up to, John. Robbing your trunks, rummaging through private possessions that do not concern her, parading in idle vanity, in front of that mirror, wasting her time. What have you to say for yourself, Joan Ivy?" and the hand on Joan's shoulder was none too gentle. Miserably, the culprit looked up at the handsome but stern face of her guardian and mutely implored him to relent. Her silence produced a strange effect upon the dignified young min-

ister. He disliked children who were impudent and gave pert answers to questions asked them, and yet his heart warmed towards this orphaned child of his brother's and he wished she would offer some good excuse for her naughty prank—just to justify herself in Aunt Martha's eyes.

Finding her unwilling to defend herself, he was forced to lecture her roundly in order to keep peace with the formidable Miss Ivy.

"You will replace those things where you found them, dress yourself in the clothes your aunt has provided for you and then—you may spend the rest of the day in your room. I cannot conduct this School of Languages and Bible History in a fitting manner if you are going to parade about the halls in such—such togs," he said, keeping his face turned away from Joan's pleading eyes. In a burst of tears, the little girl ran past him and disappeared from view as she reached the broad landing at the top of the stairs. With a sigh, John Ivy led his sister towards his study. In the hall, they were met by Rosalie Leonard. Her arms were piled high with books, her face unusually pale.

THE REAL "CULPRIT"

"Where is Joan, Mr. Ivy?" she inquired, noticing the angry toss of Aunt Martha's head as that good lady flounced into the room and shut the door.

"I have sent her to her room for the day. She had invaded the attic again and was making a show of herself, dressed up like some old character out of a play. I must admit, though, that the child looked charming. But—let us forget her, put the books out of sight and go for a drive in the Park—what do you say?"

"If I said what I thought, I should probably lose my job. Have you no heart, no memories of your own youthful misdemeanors?"

"Why-why," stammered the dignified minister, "what have my own short-comings got to do with

those of your pupil, Miss Leonard?"

"A whole lot. For a man who is supposed to be teaching young people how to serve God in the Mission Fields, you are most unfair. You condemned Joan to solitary confinement—on her birthday, too—without hearing her side of the story. I gave her those clothes to wear, as a reward for helping me clean the class rooms. Of course, when you petrified her with your anger, she did not know what to say. She's far too loyal to have told you where she got the dress and hat. But I'm not afraid of you or that sister of yours, either. It is no sin for a young thing like Joan to want pretty clothes. No wonder she rebels at wearing those hateful serges and middy blouses; I would, too. I am going right up and spend my afternoon making her birthday as happy as I can. I couldn't drive with you in the Park, knowing she was crying her eyes out, at home. If you want to advertise for another governess, you're free to do so at any time. I'm only staying on because Joan is fond of me." And Rosalie's defiant red head was flung back proudly as she made this bold statement. Barely twenty, tall, and with the whitest skin imaginable, her expressive eyes flashing like un-cut sapphires one moment or melting to a tender azure when her emotions were roused by pity, it was not to be wondered at that prim Miss Ivy disapproved of her as a constant companion for the younger brother whom she adored but bullied. That brother smiled now, as he looked at Joan's governess.

"Are you quite sure—Rosalie—" (he spoke the name softly) "that you are not fond of anyone else in this house besides my niece?"

"Oh, of course, I like the students and some of their teachers and I am crazy about Job. He's so patient under afflictions," and she bent to caress the purring hero of Catdom. The Reverend John Ivy had not spent all of his thirty-three years in the study of Greek and

Hebrew, nor, in the searchings of the Scriptures, for that matter. He could appreciate an alluring dimple, read its significance.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

Determinedly taking the cumbersome books from Rosalie, he laid them on the top of a table and motioned to the girl to follow him into a little room across the hall from his study. It was his conference room and, when the Head Master of the Ivy School was closeted in there, no one dared intrude. How-



Back and Forth Before the Full-length Mirror Went Joan Ivy

ever, he had not shut the door when Aunt Martha burst into their presence, interrupting a conversation that might have changed events for Joan very suddenly.

"I don't care to be a nuisance, John, but you really must do something to control that child. She is venting her spite on you at this very moment by watering those silly flowers of hers that she persists in keeping on her window ledge; the water is trickling down onto the balcony railings in your study and splashing the window

panes. I just had Nellie wash them last week. This is too much."

"Let me go up and talk to her about it, Miss Ivy, please?" begged Rosalie, adding, in apology for her seeming interference, "I told her how much fun my own window boxes used to be but I forgot to tell her how to arrange them or how to water them properly. May I go and see if there isn't some way I can fix her plants so as not to cause this annoyance?" Before his sister could speak, John Ivy granted the permission and Rosalie ran upstairs as fast as she could.

"You will ruin that child completely if you leave her discipline to a scatter-brained creature like that," declared Miss Ivy, nodding her head in the direction of the departed Rosalie.

"That will be enough, Martha. You wouldn't be so particular as to Joan's upbringing if it were not for the fact that her mother has left her a fortune. It grieves you to think of Joan's ever handling her own money, ever being or doing or thinking anything that is not in accord with your ideas. I have had Miss Leonard in my employ for two years and find her perfectly satisfactory. In the future, if you will just manage the household affairs and let me take care of Joan, I think this will be a happier family. Certainly, as things are, it is a 'house divided against itself' and that, as you know, is dangerous."

"Of course it would be such a house with a child in our midst whose mother was a Roman Catholic, whose wonderfully 'satisfactory' governess is a mere child, herself, coming to you with some hard luck story of wanting to do pupil-teaching so that she might study for the college degree she never won—because of ill health. Bah! that girl was never sick in her life. If you ask me, she has run away from home and thinks it a lark to work for the notoriously soft-hearted young and good looking minister of the most prominent Church in town."

"I am not asking your opinion of Miss. Leonard's reasons for con-

tinuing in a most trying position," replied the Reverend John Ivy with some heat. "I believe her to be what she says—an orphan, ambitious to further her education, loyal and sincere. She has done more with Joan in these twenty-one months or so than we have been able to do in all the years since she came to us, a wild, broken-hearted little girl, bewildered by the tragic death of her mother and father, a tragedy which came upon her so swiftly that she had not time to realize what had happened. Ralph was happy with his wife, in spite of the difference in their Faith. Sometimes—I wonder if I have done right in withholding from Joan the truth of her religious rights. I should almost prefer to see her a devout Catholic than an indifferent Protestant. So far, our religion, our training, has left her cold, unresponsive. Her one form of true devotion is the memory she cherishes of her beautiful mother, the mother who placed that little gold chain and cross around her neck when she took Joan to be baptized and which has never left her since that day. I could not bear to unfasten the clasp while she looked at me with those great, sad eyes of hers. I only wish that Ralph had not been so bitter, had not forbidden the child's mother to bring her up in her own Faith, that Elsie had not been so—weak. Her love for my brother dominated her love for God, I fear."

Miss Ivy had remained like a stone image during this long speech, her face undergoing so many changes that it would have been comical to watch. John Ivy was not watching her, he was deeply worried.

"There is the luncheon bell. Shall you want anything sent up to Joan?" she asked, so quietly that her brother was puzzled.

"Yes, have Nellie take her a tray, Martha. And please don't be angry with me or with the poor child? Perhaps I was too hasty in what I said. If I hurt your feelings, I am sorry. Will you forgive me?"

"I should be a poor sort of Christian not to forgive such a slight offense," was the reply to his appeal and John's hands fell at his side. Seeing the gesture, Miss Ivy relented enough to add—"However, since I have been humoring you

most of your life, trusting to your better judgment in matters I felt beyond me, I suppose I shall have to let you have your way with Joan. Only—it does pain me to see you putting me aside for this foolish young girl just because she has a pretty face. I am quite sure you will live to regret it, John."

A hint of her deep love for him showed in her trembling voice and the minister knew a sharp pang of remorse as he watched this faithful woman, twelve years older than he and his twin brother, Ralph, leave the room to carry out his orders, against her own wishes, he well knew.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A MOTHER

Meanwhile, Rosalie had looked in every possible nook and corner of the large room with its cozy alcove where she lived with her little pupil. There was not a trace of Joan to be found, save the wet places on the window ledge where her row of plants stood. Not a little alarmed, Rosalie went to the door, trying to decide whether or not to tell Joan's uncle that his "prisoner" had escaped. A short steep flight of stairs, leading up to the roof, caught her attention. In the dust that had gathered on them, were footprints; those of a pair of high-heeled slippers and four small cat tracks. Job had, most likely, followed his mistress up to the roof. She and Joan often went up there to watch a sunrise or to view a storm. John Ivy's house and the one adjoining, were the tallest in that block and afforded excellent opportunities to observe the wonders of nature, which, in the crowded city streets, were lost to sight and mind. Of late, the vacant house next door had been occupied, and Rosalie had stopped going up on the roof because the new neighbors practically lived there.

She had told Joan they did not seem to be the kind of people her Uncle John would like to have her know and had taken it for granted that the child had never been there alone. Hearing voices, she stole up the steps. A little door, hung on creaking hinges, swung back and forth in the sprightly May breeze. It enclosed a space not

much wider than a large dormer window and, through this aperture, Rosalie saw two figures sitting on the broad parapet. Their backs were turned towards her and, in youthful unconcern, they were dangling their legs in mid-air, talking unrestrainedly. Joan had taken off the wide-brimmed hat and the sun shone on her brown hair, turning it to gold. The boy at her side was a full two inches shorter than Joan, a manly little fellow, with dark, rumpled curls, a clean-cut profile and the richest of Irish brogues. Rosalie could not resist the temptation to play eavesdropper but the smile that twitched at her lips when she first caught sight of them, faded as their words drifted to her.

"I tell you, Billy, I'd rather come here and talk to you than to go to the finest party ever given. If I went down to your sister's birthday party, she'd only laugh at me. All the children in this block call me 'Poison Ivy'—that's what I get for having such a funny name."

"Shucks, what do you care about that? Tessie's a nice sort, if she is fourteen. If you hide yourself away in that gloomy old house, how are you ever going to be makin' friends, at all? I'm thinkin' the kids only call you—that nick name—for fun. Be a sport and laugh back at 'em. Come on, you'd be lovin' my mother."

"What is it like to have a—mother, Billy? Do you know, I can just remember mine. She was very beautiful but always so sad. Is your mother beautiful, too?" The boy got up and pointed to one of his pigeons who was strutting around on his roof, away from the others.

"Do you see my favorite dove, 'Angela'?" he asked, proudly. "Well, she is no whiter than my mother's fair skin, her cunning, cooing talk to her wee ones; sure it's no sweeter than my mother's voice, a-tellin' us she loves us. And there's Peter, James, and John, the finest carriers ever trained, sturdy and strong are they and my mother is like them, too, never falterin' when it comes to duty, always on guard over her 'nest' as she calls our home."

"The blue of Our Lady's mantle—just the shade of the skies above us now, would be my mother's eyes

and her smile—sure it would take away the pain in anyone's heart. That's how beautiful she is. As for what it's like to have such a mother—I can't quite tell you. It's like—like feelin' God's arms around you, when she holds you close, like bein' on top of a high mountain, when she talks to you and tells you right from wrong. You'd better come down and meet her, if you're wantin' to know what a real mother's like." Joan shook her head, mournfully.

"It would make things worse for me, Billy. I'd know she wasn't mine, remember what I've missed all these years. If it wasn't for Rosalie, I don't know how I'd live. She keeps me from feeling so 'orphaned', she saves me from Aunt Martha's scoldings, too."

"Who is 'Rosalie'?"

"She's my governess. She's almost twenty years old but you'd never think it to see her because she looks like a little girl, grown tall. I wish my Uncle John would fall in love with her—then, she'd never have to leave me. But my uncle is too busy with horrid languages to fall in love, I guess. He's so busy, he's even forgotten its my birthday. Funny—your sister Tessie is fourteen today and I am thirteen. How old are you, Billy?"

"I'm only goin'-on-twelve. That's the trouble. Sis thinks I'm too young to be around when she's havin' a party. So—I came up to see if the pigeons needed anything. Tell you what—" he added as an after thought, "Why don't you pray that your uncle will—will marry this nice Rosalie you like so much?" Joan raised a tragic young face to her companion, her lips trembling against one small, clenched fist.

"I can't pray. The words just won't come. God is too far away."

"Why, you go to your uncle's Church all the time, don't you? Surely, you must know all about God. He isn't far away. He's right in our hearts. 'Course, in our Church, He's on the altar, day and night. I often go and kneel right where I can see His throne. It helps me."

Joan suddenly got up from the parapet and laid both hands on the boy's shoulders, speaking so low that Rosalie could hardly hear her.

"Billy Dorsey, will you do some-

thing for me?" Billy nodded, affirmatively and Joan continued with tense eagerness:

"Will you take me to your Church some day?"

"Sure, I'll take you. But, won't your folks be angry about it?"

"I don't care if they are. I must see this 'Throne' where you say God always stays; and—the blue mantle, which you say His Mother wears—I want to see that, too. I've

always thought God's Mother was dead."

"She is dead but her soul is living—just like all the souls of the Saints. Of course, you can't really SEE God, you know, but you can feel His Presence. If you are very quiet and shut your eyes, you can almost hear Him talking to you."

"If you can't see Him, then—how do you know He is there?" demanded Joan, wondrously. Billy's face was flushed with a tender pride.

"By Faith. It is a great mystery. Nobody understands about it, I suppose, but the Church teaches us it is so. I am sure if you want your uncle to—to tumble into love with this Rosalie, His Blessed Mother will let it happen. She always answers our prayers, if they are good ones."

"When can we go, Billy?" Joan was never one to delay.

"Right now, if you want to." He looked at Joan's trailing skirts, her unsuitable hat and an idea came to him.

"You can't go in those things but I'll get you a school dress of Tessie's and one of her berets. She's all dolled up today and won't be needin' them. You wait here and I'll be back in a jiffy. You can put them on behind that chimney there and we'll go down the fire escape."

"I couldn't do that, Billy. I'd be afraid to visit God in borrowed clothes and, besides, I'm supposed to be punished. Let's make it to-morrow, after you come from school. Will that do?"

"Okay, I'll meet you at the corner. Now, come over and help me feed my pigeons. There's so many of 'em, it takes two to do it right."

(To be continued)

GOD BLESS YOU

God bless you
and keep you,
and give you His Love;

God prosper your labor
with help
from above;

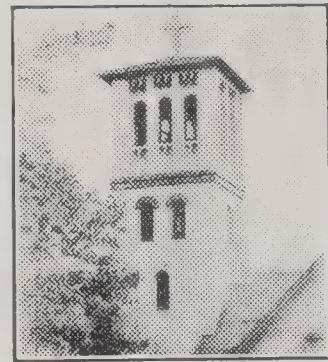
Be His strength in your arm
and His Love
in your soul,

His smile your reward,
His glory, your goal.

—Selected.

R. S. J.

in Toronto Catholic Register



EVENING

There were hours of work today,
Hard wrought hours and long;
Now in shadows I come to pray,
While the world sings its evensong.
And the evening gift I offer You,
With tired and drooping hand,
Is all my love in labor spent,
And, Jesus, You understand.

There was a twisted word to-day,
A phrase that was barbed and keen;
There was a weariness on the way,
And the hurt was all unseen.
And so is the gift I offer You,
With willing and joyous hand,
A glad, sad hurt, a smile and sigh;
But, Jesus, You understand.

There was a word I meant to say,
A deed that I should have done;
An hour was incomplete to-day,
And yet that hour has run.

Still is the prayer I make to You,
With pleading and outstretched
hand,
Send them the love I did not give,
For, Jesus, You understand.

Now the darkening branches sway
And the night comes on apace;
Jesus, the dawn of eternal day
Will bring us before Your Face!
While in to-morrows here below,
Gently, with love-pierced Hand
Oh, lead our eager, stumbling feet,
For, Jesus, You understand.

R. S. J.



What Rosarians Should Pray For

Beloved Sons and Daughters of the Atonement:

We know that it must be a source of joy to you all to observe the growth and expansion of our Holy Institute and this joy will grow the more intense on your part, if we can make you realize more fully what a vital part you are playing in the development of the Society of the Atonement by the daily recitation of the Common Prayers of the Children of the Atonement, and the saying of at least one decade of the Rosary each day with special intention for the League and its many thousand members.

God has willed to make everything dependent upon prayer, and as Moses, supported by Aaron and Hur, won the battle of Rephidim for Israel against the Amalekites by holding aloft the rod of God in his hands, so by holding the Rosary between your fingers and praying for the special intentions I am about to enumerate you will mightily assist the forward movement of the Society under the mighty hand of the Most High. The first thing to pray for is an increase of choice vocations both for the Friary and the Convent. Then pray that no matter how many come to join the Friars or the Sisters we may not have to turn anyone away for lack of room or the means to clothe, feed and train them for their work.

Pray especially for Graymoor, the Friars on the Mountain, the Sisters in the Valley; "The Vineyard", the Washington Retreat House; Hereford, Texas, where both the Graymoor Friars and Sisters labor; for the widely scattered houses of our Sisters, viz., Dickinson, Texas; Philadelphia, New York City, Monaca near Pittsburgh, Ogdensburg, Norwood and Potsdam, N. Y., Delano, Cal., Edmonton and Smoky Lake, Alberta, Canada and Vancouver, B. C., and Assisi, Italy.

We particularly ask your prayers for the Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost, the Rock-of-Peter Foundation, The Lamp and The Candle.

But most of all pray for the Sanctification of the Children of the Atonement, that the Friars, Sisters and Tertiaries may constantly advance in holiness and all our Rosarians and U. N. B. L. members may everywhere edify their neighbors by the beautiful charity and piety of their lives.

There is so much wickedness and sheer ungodliness in the world today and society is becoming so corrupt and pagan, that a general reformation of morals and a revival of the true religion of Jesus Christ in both faith and practice is urgently, nay most desperately needed. Undoubtedly the Catholic Church is the only power that can save the great nations of the West from sinking into the slough of pagan corruption and the more the Children of the Atonement illustrate the good odor of Jesus Christ in the beauty of holiness, the more the Holy Ghost can operate through us to regenerate society and save the souls of men.

FATHER PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, S.A.
Spiritual Director.

AT OUR LADY'S SHRINE

For many years now there has been a constant stream of petitions sent to the Convent of our Sisters for remembrance at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Atonement during the Novena beginning on the first Saturday of each month.

With the exception of the months of May and July—the month in which occurs Our Lady's Feast—the Sisters of the Atonement receive the largest number of petitions for the Novena in September, which, this year, begins on September 3. This great inflow of petitions at this time is due perhaps to the fact that the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity (September 8) will occur during the octave of prayer, and the devout clients of Our Blessed Mother, whom we invoke under the title of Our Lady of the Atonement, feel that it is a most appropriate time in which to appeal for her intercession with her Divine Son. That Our Lady of the Atonement has not been unmindful of the supplications made to her is evidenced by many letters received by the Sisters of the Atonement acknowledging with gratitude the signal favors bestowed on Our Lady's clients by Almighty God. Of these letters we can print but a few each month.

**THANKSGIVINGS FOR
FAVORS RECEIVED
THROUGH THE INTER-
CESSION OF OUR LADY
OF THE ATONEMENT**

Miss R. G., Stillwater, N. Y.: Last week I enclosed my petition to be included in the Novena of the Last Resort. I had a very serious problem to work out and it was beyond my power, so I put it up to Our Lady of the Atonement and promised a donation and am now enclosing same with deep appreciation and many thanks to Our Atonement Lady.

Mrs. J. Mc., New York City: Just a thank-offering to Our Lady for favor granted through her intercession, my petitions have always been granted and may the many who are in distress ask her aid which is so powerful.

F. R. S., La Porte, Indiana: I sent you an offering for the Novena which started the first Saturday in June and the request which I made was rather a difficult one. At the time I felt that only a miracle would bring about the results I desired. To my great surprise, on the very day the Novena ended, I not only received my favor but it was granted in a much more effective way than I anticipated. It is with the greatest gratitude and sense of appreciation

that I acknowledge the power of Our Lady of Last Resort.

Miss C. F. S., Olean, N. Y.: Many thanks to Our Atonement Mother for the favor granted through her intercession during the month of May. My mother's apartment, now rented, was vacant for the past seven months.

Mrs. E. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Enclosed find thanksgivings to Our Lady for favor received and again asking your prayers for special intentions.

Mrs. E. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.: The enclosed money order is my offering which I promised to Our Lady of the Atonement for favors granted. One of my boys obtained a position and I rented my apartment, due to the powerful intercession of Our Lady.

Miss E. C., Detroit, Mich.: I wish to acknowledge the receipt of a favor asked for during the May Novena. A serious operation was most successful and I feel that it was due to the prayers of the Sisters, invoking Our Mother by her new title.

Miss C. Mc., Cleveland, O.: It is with grateful thanks that I forward the enclosed offering to Our Lady's burse for favor obtained.

Mrs. P. J., Rumford, R. I.: About two weeks ago I wrote asking you to enter my petition in the Novena of Last Resort; and about the third day my husband received work. Kindly continue prayers, that it may be steady and many thanks to Our Atonement Mother.

**ROSARY LEAGUE
INTERCESSIONS**

Special Intention for August:
Those in Financial Distress

Other Intentions:

Conversion to Christ and Holy Church of the One Thousand Million who are still Pagan. Conversion of all Eastern Schismatics, Anglicans and other Protestants to Catholic Unity. Conversion of the Jews. For the China, Japan, Africa and India Missions. Supplications for Priests and Religious in their sphere of service.

Spiritual Favors: 2,480. Concerning vocation to the Priesthood or the Religious Life or guidance therein, 327; happy marriage, 356; grace of temperance, 404; conversion to Catholicism, 608; happy death, 504; return to God and the Sacraments, 859; repose of 1,236 souls.

Temporal favors: 1,906. Restoration to health, 2,103; return of lost articles, 254; success in business and in examinations, 1,876; prayers are asked by 785.

Financial and Industrial: Suitable employment, 1,765; Good sales and rentals, 1,184; financial aid, 1,297; special intentions, 2,424. Thanksgivings are rendered by 1,034.



Our Lady of the Atonement, Pray for Us!

URGENT CALL FOR MORE SISTERS

St. Mary's Rectory
July 4, 1932.

Dear Mother Lurana:

It is a pleasure to write you that your Sisters are doing a really splendid work here and they have captivated the parish. Their work is really apostolic. The attendance of children in the many classes has vastly increased and the spirit of the children is becoming truly Catholic. You know that our Public School pupils are not renowned for their good behavior or reverence for things sacred. We can see a great improvement in them since the Sisters have had charge. They are constantly visiting the homes of the submerged tenth and are bringing back many of the cold and nominal Catholics. Just at present the Sisters are preparing a class of about 200 for Confirmation. The Bishop will come next Sunday to confer the Sacrament. After Confirmation we will have the Solemn Communion Class for about two weeks—the ten-year-old children.

Sister tells me that you are calling them Home for a retreat in August. I beg of you, Mother Lurana, to send the same four back for another term and please do not keep them too long for retreat. We have need of them here every minute.

There are two Pastors in the Diocese that would like very much to have each a group of your Sisters to do the same kind of work but they are almost afraid to apply. I wonder if you could give them any encouragement for the coming year?

Hoping that you are enjoying very good health, and that God will bless you and your Community in your splendid work, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

X. Y. Z.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For obvious reasons we withhold the name of the Pastor and the parish whence came the above letter but it is only one of many that might be quoted from Bishops as well as Pastors paying tribute to the splendid achievements of the Graymoor Sisters, whereas the call is insistent and oft-repeated from far and near for more of these zealous laborers to work in the Lord's Vineyard. Millions are out of employment in the industrial world; what of the call of Christ to those who stand idle in the market place: "Go, work in My Vineyard"? Will the Mother General of the Sisters of the Atonement be compelled

to answer "no" to the Bishops and Priests asking her for Sisters, because no one will answer the Call of Christ for consecrated virgins to serve Him and His Church in the Society of the Atonement?

THE SISTERS' NEW REFECTORY

At last our Sisters have made the venture even in such difficult times as these of building a refectory, or dining room, large enough to house the Community and to give them the sanitary conditions necessary for a comfortable meal; this has been sadly lacking in the present crowded basement with only area windows.

It will be a great help if our good benefactors (who are never deaf to our appeals) would provide the windows.

They are to be very simple but very beautiful gothic in shape and of leaded amber glass, having in the center a small painted shield containing a holy symbol. There are eight large windows at \$50.00 each and three small ones at \$25.00. These may be given in memory of some dear one, living or dead, and the name will be placed under the same. The entire sum need not be paid at once.

Besides giving a beautiful memorial gift, and greatly helping the Sisters, you will be charitably helping the craftsmen and other workmen employed, all of whom need it greatly.

—MOTHER LURANA
M. FRANCIS, S.A.

NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE TO OUR LADY

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn;
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still.
—POE.

John Ruskin, the famous English author, paid the following beautiful tribute to Mary, the blessed Mother of God: "I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage house throughout the length and breadth of Europe in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women."

To devotion to Our Blessed Lady he ascribes "every highest and loftiest achievement of the art of manhood."



His Grace, Archbishop Duke of Vancouver, British Columbia, with two of the Sisters of the Atonement of our Japanese Mission

The Convert

By MARY A. SMITH in *London Catholic Times*

It is so difficult for born Catholics to realize the state of mind of non-Catholic aspirants to the Faith that we are pleased to publish this impressionist sketch of a real life incident, which should do much to give Catholics a glimpse of the anxiety and doubt that assails the mind of the honest, if somewhat misguided seeker after Truth. Not a few of our own people are lacking in that sympathy born of understanding which could do much to smooth the path of the genuine inquirer.

A Catholic Priest! Gertrude looked at him searchingly, piercingly, as though she would read his very soul, for were not priests of the hated Roman Church harsh, dictatorial, domineering? How often that had been dinned into Gertrude's ears. She wished she dared speak to him. If only an opportunity would present itself that she might ask him to hear her confession. How weary Gertrude was of sin, only she herself and God knew. True, she had been to confession in the Anglican Church, but had always come away with the knowledge of absolution and forgiveness unsatisfied. How was it? Perhaps here she might find what she wanted. So soliloquized Gertrude as she followed the crowd of sightseers round the beautiful church.

Ah, here was the Reserved Sacrament. Yes, she would kneel. Here was a vague something she could not understand. An undefinable sense of holiness that made Gertrude feel she was, oh, so unworthy and sinner-stained.

Slowly the priest moved around, quietly and almost lovingly he explained each fresh beauty. If only she dared speak to him. How gentle his voice and quiet his mien! Not a bit like the dictatorial priests Gertrude had been told of. He seemed to exude peace that the world and its fret could never take away.

Could she, given the opportunity, confess to him how far she had wandered, and even now stood in danger of committing a yet graver sin? Would he not shrink from her in horror as her friends surely would if they could read her heart?

The trouble was, how to speak to him. One did not speak to a Roman priest until spoken to first. Priests were terrifying folks! So her thoughts ran on, until presently the people were leaving the church dropping their pennies into the box towards the re-building of the old church.

"Thank you," said the voice, and no one could say he sounded in the least pompous or aggressive.

What was that the priest said?

"I shall be pleased to answer any questions."

Ah, here was her chance. She would ask him what was the difference between Anglo-Catholics and Roman Catholics. It might lead up to what she

wanted. Waiting her opportunity until most folk had gone, she turned to the priest and put her question.

Like a flash came the reply.

"One is real and the other sham."

"Oh," said Gertrude, "meaning the Anglo-Catholic is sham! I suppose you are going to tell me there is no goodness in it either."

Half in anger, half wistfully, she left the church, because he had also told her he could not hear her confession as she was not a Catholic.

"Good-bye, God bless you, I will pray for you," rang in her ears.

Confusion and Doubt

Surely the priest meant it, his voice was so kind. "God bless you, I will pray for you." How many years since anyone had said, "I will pray for you." Not since that dear mother had closed her eyes in the last long sleep that only knows awakening on the Day of Judgment.

Laughingly, half-sneering, the words of the priest were discussed on the homeward walk. Bother the priest, he was like the rest with the tricks of their trade; Gertrude resolved to go to the Parish Church; a good sermon would help her forget.

"As clay in the hands of the potter," was the text of the sermon. Who was the potter? mused Gertrude. The priest had said, "One real, the other sham."

Bother the priest.

Gertrude wanted to listen to the sermon, but the words persisted. "I will pray for you." He meant it, too, or seemed to. Again the "God bless you" rang in her ears. Could there be a blessing awaiting Gertrude, a wiping out and beginning again. Oh, to start life afresh, the past forgiven, the present, too, a thing of the past.

The service was over. Still unsatisfied, Gertrude returned home. She would have a jolly evening and forget all this nonsense. The present was all that mattered.

"We are waiting for some music, Gertrude. Hurry up and stop thinking about what the priest said. Why bother, it is all the same in the end whether Catholic or Anglican. His remarks are just one more trick known so well to their religion!"

Gertrude did not believe that, and she believed it did matter very much what one was. For years she had been trying to find a vague satisfying something, so far without success. Oft in her travels she had wandered into Catholic churches and been struck by the devotion of the worshippers there and the beauty of Our Lady. There must be a reason for their devotion, undreamed of, nay, scorned elsewhere.

If only she might ask anyone but a Roman Catholic priest.

Monday brought the daily round, but even in the

busy rush of duty the words, "one is real, the other sham," kept ringing in her ears until the uncertainty became almost more than she could bear. Again she went to the church, determined to seek the priest and ask him *why* he said one is real, the other sham.

Peace at Last

How beautiful the church was! How peaceful! How sweet the smile of Our Lady! Even the Babe on her arm seemed to welcome Gertrude. It was like coming home. If only she could begin again, the past wiped out and forgiven. Not much chance of a fresh start if it depended on a Catholic priest. Well, come what may, she would ask him. Here was no harshness! Ah no, but a willingness to help her begin again and give her instruction—oh, so different from what Gertrude had been told.

As the teaching of Holy Church unfolds itself, Gertrude finds all her aching heart has longed for. Such beauty and all comprehensiveness of the needs of the human soul are a revelation to her, and certainly not in the least like the things she has been told by her Protestant friends.

Already they predict terrible things. How will you enjoy being told you must do this or that. Good-bye to free-will and thought! Good-bye to self expression! Nothing is too bad to say, and yet not one really cared whether Gertrude sank or swam, but to be a *Catholic*. They washed their hands of her. What cared she? Had she not found what she sought? Eagerly, longingly, prayerfully, she awaits the day when she can be received. At last the day does come. A day of glorious sunshine, omen, she prays, of the sunshine of Our Lord's smile when at last she lays the burden of life down. With fear and trembling she goes into the church. However, will she manage to make her confession. It *does* worry her!

Firmly she makes her Profession and presently her Confession, and receives the blessed gift of Absolution. No doubt now! It is indeed a full and free forgiveness. However could she have doubted God's goodness. Where are all the bogeys her Protestant friends did their best to frighten her with? Gone, and in their place a deep, deep joy and thankfulness and a quiet determination to walk worthily as a child of the true Church, knowing that Our Lord will give even more than she can ask. She knows, too, that to be a Catholic is a high calling, and though the future may be full of difficulty and temptation, yet Holy Church is there ready to help, and the Holy Mass will supply the Grace she needs.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A CONVERT

"When I am asked what I have found in the Catholic Church superior to all that Protestantism gave me, I find that language is inadequate to express it. One thinks of the familiar metaphor of a stained glass window in a vast cathedral. Seen from without by day, this seems to be an unintelligible mass of dusky glass. Viewed from within, however, it reveals a beautiful design, where sacred story grows resplendently in form and color. So it is with the Church of

Rome. One must enter it to understand its sanctity and charm. . . . I feel that this One, Holy, Apostolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order for confusion, sunlight for darkness, and substance for shadow.

"Favored are they who, from their childhood up, are nurtured in the Catholic Church and to whom all her comforts, aids and Sacraments come no less freely than the air and sunshine. Yet I have sometimes wondered whether such favored Catholics ever know the rapture of the homeless waif, to whom the splendors of his Father's house are suddenly revealed; the consolation of the mariner, whose storm-tossed vessel finally attains the sheltered spot; the gratitude of the lonely wanderer, long lost in cold and darkness, who shares at last, however undeservedly, the warmth and light of God's great spiritual home!"—Dr. John L. Stoddard in "*Rebuilding a Lost Faith*."

THE RELIGION I WANT

"I want the religion that makes the people happy who possess it."

Then I would advise you to join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which will make me feel so sure of its truth that it would be a sin to doubt it."

Then you want to join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which teaches that God will reward a man according to his works."

Then you want the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which teaches that God is good and kind to all His creatures, and that He has called men to salvation, and thus leaves no man to despair."

Then you had better join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that is equally acceptable to rich and poor, to high and low, to the master and to the servant, to the king and the peasant."

Then, of course, you want the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that makes children members of the fold of Christ and treats them as such."

Then you will find such a religion in the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that does not teach one day what it will probably deny the next."

Such a religion can only be had in the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will permit me to hold communion with my dear departed relatives and friends."

Your want will be satisfied when you join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will give me a plan and reasonable way of obtaining pardon for my sins, and show me how I can obtain a sure absolution."

Such a plain and reasonable way is known to all those who belong to the Catholic Church.—*Exchange*.

LIKES THE LAMP

John Maire, Iowa: Please find enclosed herewith post office order for \$2.00 for renewal of my subscription to The Lamp for two years; while I get nearly a dozen Catholic monthly journals, I consider The Lamp one of the best among them.

THE FAMILY

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

Religion and family life stand together. When family life is weak, parents shirk their responsibilities. Sometimes they do not want children; if they have them, they gladly hand over the responsibility of educating them to others. The rich send their children to preparatory schools and boarding schools, the poor have their children cared for by the State with its system of education which aims at training their minds and looking after their bodies; but rich and poor alike are sadly wanting in the sense of responsibility for their children. The result is seen when the children leave school. Then as soon as they are beginning to earn their living they use their home as a place for quick meals and for dressing and for sleeping, and seek their happiness and amusement elsewhere. Especially is this true in our cities and in the houses of the poor; the city offers places of amusement, the parents seldom try to make the parental house a real home, a bond of unity between all members of the family.

And if we lose our appreciation of family life we shall lose our traditional love for the idea of the home. What will take its place? In Russia the family tie is discouraged, the family does not count for much. The State is the unit to which all are to belong, which is to command all and to direct all and to do everything for its subjects. And the interests of the State are not the interests of individual men and women. Individual freedom disappears, and human beings, with their loves and hates and family ties and friendships, become parts of the great State machine which directs their lives in accordance with its own ends. But these ends leave no room for the love of God, or for that love which is the test of our loving God, the love of our neighbor. Loving God and loving our neighbor presuppose that man is free and is not the slave of a system. And it is to be feared that this freedom is endangered not only in the communistic state Russia, but in the economic slavery of the factories of our own great cities in England. Men and women only count as so many economic units. The more and better the machines that are invented the less important becomes

personal character or intellect or will-power in those who operate the machines. Human beings tend to become parts of the great machine which makes money; and as it is cheaper to employ the young than the middle-aged or old, the old are not wanted. Youth is sought for—not because it is more attractive, but because it works for smaller wages; and the pathetic sight is then seen of middle-aged or even old men and women dressing and behaving as though they were young, because age has lost its honor.

Conditions in the Cities

One cause, then, of the decay of family life is modern industry with the accompanying conditions of life in our great cities. The factory takes men and women and uses them to work machines, and this labor, being often merely mechanical, turns the men and women into something less than human though more than machine. One particular result of girls being employed in the factory is that after leaving school they spend their early lives working at machines and consequently know little of managing a home and often care nothing for it. After the day's work, amusement and recreation are what they want; and as home provides nothing attractive, the street and the cinema and the dance hall draw them for the evening. Home is with the majority no longer a home in the real sense of the word. When a crisis occurs such as we are now experiencing, many thousands of these factory workers have no employment, and the State then quite rightly has to support them. For a State which allows this system to exist and does not attempt to give the chance

of a more natural and healthy life to its citizens, ought in justice to support its citizens when the system breaks down.

As Catholics our aim should be to make home and family life stronger. It may be hopeless to try to change suddenly the artificial, unnatural, only half-human life of our great cities. But even in this we can do something to restore the life and dignity of the family. Let Nazareth be our model: "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to them." In a Catholic home God will come first and all who belong to a Catholic family will put the Will of God Our Father, and the avoidance of sin first in their lives.

THE CONSECRATED WILL

Laid on Thine Altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifices to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small.
But only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein Thy searching eyes can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I am, or love or fain would be
Deep love, fond hope, or longings infinite.

It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs.
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none.
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth. May Thy will be done.
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine Own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou giv'st back my gift it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
I may not know or feel it is my own.
So one with Thine, so filled with peace divine
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

—Selected.



THE MAID OF LISIEUX and Other Papers, by Very Reverend Albert Power, S.J. Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. \$1.25 net.

The Preface of this little volume describes its scope as follows: "The book takes its title from the paper on St. Therese of Lisieux, and to her the volume is dedicated. It is intended to supply help in both life and conduct; some of the papers are apologetic—that is, they try to show by the light of reason that Catholicism is a sound system, others dwell on certain aspects of Catholic doctrine in order to set in a clearer light and import, implications and consequences."

This is an excellent gift to a non-Catholic friend, as well of course, as to one of the Household of Faith.

THE WORDS OF THE MISSAL. By Reverend C. C. Martindale, S.J. The MacMillan Co., Fifth Avenue, New York. \$2.00.

A very valuable setting forth of the spiritual power, as well as the liturgical beauty of the Mass. The method of the book is to take a few of the "favorite" words of the Liturgy, to quote several instances of their use, and finally to extract their hidden meaning. We unqualifiedly recommend this book.

MY RETREAT MASTER. By Rev. Winfrid Herbst. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

This excellent little book of meditations prepared for Religious, contains material for eight days of retreat. It is a very valuable asset for those compelled by necessity to make their retreats privately, for it will answer as far as possible, as a substitute for the Retreat Master. The subjects treated are handled with freshness and vigor; the one on Death, although brief, is especially striking.

A KNIGHT OF THE CROSS. By Helen Grace Smith. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$3.00. Reverend Edward Hawkes, Pastor of St. Joan of Arc Church, Philadelphia,

has written a brief but delightful and sympathetic Preface. The Authoress has in this fine life study again given us an arresting biographical portrayal of a Passionist Father, his personality, vocation and the spirit of his Congregation. In this case "the Knight of the Cross" is her brother, Father Maurice, a devoted missionary and able preacher.

Theodore Deshon Smith is the son of General Thomas Kilby Smith, a well-known general of the Civil War. Theodore possessed at once a very sensitive nature and the keenest possible sense of honor; this was to be expected from his descent and family environment. Divine grace also enhanced these natural qualities, gliding them with that indefinable something which creates the near-Saint. As Father Hawkes says in the Preface: "the book is a romance; that is, a story told with faith and love." And who could better have the telling than the sister who loved him best, a love which he so tenderly reciprocated to the very end?

As Father Maurice, "the knight" rides on to many combats and to victories, victory first of all over himself and then, victory over other souls, those priceless trophies which he laid at the feet of his Master.

As we expected, there is both literary charm of a high grade and spiritual values in Miss Smith's tribute to her brother.

THE IDEAL OF THE PRIEST HOOD, as illustrated from a Life of John Coassini of the German-Hungarian College in Rome, by Reverend Ferdinand Ehrenborg, S.J. Translated by Reverend Frank Gerein. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis Mo. \$2.25.

A very interesting and touching biography of this young student in a Roman college, his seven weeks only, as a priest, his edifying illness and death, cannot but arouse the reader's sympathy and appreciation; it should also stir to emulation.

COLLECTION OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS. Translated and edited from official versions. By Rev. Richard E. Power. Benziger Bros., New York. \$3.00 up to \$4.50, according to binding; reduction to clergy and religious.

This is the official Vatican Manual of Indulgenced Prayers, that is, devotions to which the Roman Pontiffs have attached down through the ages, valuable indulgences; it is, in fact, something of an abridged Raccolta. The Sacred Congregation of the Penitentiary, Rome, has authorized this English translation.

It is gotten up in prayerbook style, large type, with devotions for Confession, Holy Communion, Benediction, etc., and the Mass in Latin and English; there are several full page illustrations, really artistic ones, on the style of the old wood cuts.

THE TREASURY OF THE LITURGY. By Rev. Nicholas Maas, M.A., St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.25, subject to a generous publisher's discount.

Not only the priest, but the laity and every student of the Liturgy will find here revealed many varied forms of beauty, not only in the Church's ceremonies but in the doctrines of our Holy Faith. Needless to say, such realization should prove a source of inspiration for the reader's own sanctification, and a help for him in answering the questions of our separated brethren.

CURRENT CATHOLIC VERSE AND ANTHOLOGY. By David P. McAstocker, S.J., and Edward H. Pfeiffer. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago and New York. \$1.25.

This very discriminating collection of verses which have appeared from time to time in our Catholic magazines and reviews, is of more than passing interest and value. There is an excellent short Introduction, an index list of the poems under the authors' names, alphabetically arranged. An unusual feature is a list of the Catholic magazines publishing verse, a biographical honor roll, also an index of first lines. Among the most beautiful selections we would mention "Impatient Trees," by Mary Carolyn Davies; "The Betrothal of Mary," by Charles J. Quirk, S.J.; and "Water" by Henry Robinson.

THE SOUL BEFORE ITS JUDGE

When then—if such thy lot—thou
seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy
heart
All tender, gracious, reverential
thoughts,
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn
for Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but
 pity Him
That one so sweet should e'er have
placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive
eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and
trouble thee,
And, thou wilt hate and loathe thy-
self; for though
As never thou didst feel; and wilt
desire
To slink away, and hile thee from His
sight,
And yet wilt have a longing, aye, to
dwell
Within the beauty of his countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and
so keen—
The shame of self at thought of see-
ing Him—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest Purga-
tory.

—Cardinal Newman,
"Dream of Geronitius."

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THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

We commend to the prayers of our Readers the souls of the faithful departed and particularly the Deceased Subscribers and Near Relatives whose deaths have been reported to us during the last month. For them *collectively* a Set of Thirty Masses will be said by a Foreign Missionary Priest. The number thirty has been chosen because the custom of saying this number of Masses for the repose of a single soul is very ancient, being commonly known by the name of Gregorian Masses. Since these have proved so efficacious for the individual, a set of Thirty Masses said on thirty consecutive days must also prove efficacious, although the number of souls prayed for be many, for the power of the Holy Sacrifice is unlimited:

John Earley, Rev. Charles A. Smith,
Rt. Rev. Abbot Athanasius Schmitt,
John Quinn, Mrs. Anton Redig, Mrs.
T. F. Norton, Catherine Scanlin, Mrs.
Mary Ellen O'Brien, John C. Langan,
Mrs. Phyllis Daley, James Burke, John
Hogan, Albert McCaul, Mary Ann
Davy, Rt. Rev. Msgr. James B. Curry,
Fred A. Seymour, Reverend John M.
Cassin, Michael King, John Garrity,
Timothy J. Costello, Joseph Markert,
Mary Farrell, Robert Sturgeon, Mrs.
Mary Sullivan, Miss M. A. McLaugh-
lin, Elizabeth Shanly, Miss Tessie
Vitta, Mrs. Margaret A. Hurley, Wil-
liam Barrett, Wm. McGreery, Christo-
pher Stock, Carrie Keegan, Miss Alice
Kincade, Mary Dunphy, James M.
Cannon, Mrs. Joseph Hansbury, Mrs.
Anna Grieger, Thomas P. Kelly, Peter
Borowry, Miss Cary, Mrs. Ella Cos-
tello, Rose Auer, Sara S. Schorel, J.
F. Clark, Msgr. J. B. Curry, Reverend
Francis P. Duffy, Rev. John M. Cas-
sin, Francis McGovern, James J. Mc-
Donald, Anna M. Murphy, Miss Mary
E. McEvoy, Miss Margaret Blanch-
field, Thomas E. Loughlin, Mrs. Rose
Claire Newman, Mrs. Patrick Shea,
Mary J. Gibbons, Mrs. Celia Kuehne,
Joseph Craig, Mrs. John Nolan, Denis
Hogan, Charles Grabosky, Miss Cath-
erine H. Collins, John C. Hogan.

James A. Lynch, Raymond Lynch, Sr.
Mary Emilian Meehan, Sr. Mary
Chrysostom Brady, Sr. Mary Bartholomew Coll, Mrs. Margaret Litot,
Joseph Weaver, Sr. Mary Borrome
Sullivan, Sr. Mary Edna O'Toole, Mrs.
Johanna Jenco, Miss Mary Madden,
Edward Murray, Angeline Richle,
John Byerwaltes, Mary E. Blanvelt,
Catherine Maher McCormick, George
Andert, Mrs. Rachel Schauer, James T.
Barry, John Flaherty, Mrs. Amelia
O'Brien, Martin J. Flatley, Wm. J.
Purcell, Mrs. Elizabeth Kriek, Mrs.
Mary Gaines, Catherine Chisholm,
Maria Koschnider, Bridget Butler,
James Harkins, Theresa R. Barry.

It is the general opinion of Catholic theologians that the souls in Purgatory can pray for those on earth and that their prayers are of great benefit. The aid of the souls in Purgatory is not asked by the Church in her official prayers. The great theologian, St. Thomas, taught that the suffering souls could not help us, but this opinion has been rejected by later theologians. Most Catholics can testify that the suffering souls in Purgatory have frequently obtained great favors from Almighty God in their behalf.

Build a Home in Graymoor Village

Graymoor Village is located in the Highlands of the Hudson, Fifty Miles North of New York City. It is bounded on the south by the Mount of the Atonement on the summit of which stands the Monastery Church of the Graymoor Atonement Friars. At the foot of the mountain to the East are the beautiful grounds of the Atonement Sisters.

Graymoor is one and one-half hours ride by train from the Grand Central; two hours by automobile. The railway station at Garrison is three and one-half miles; Peekskill with a population of twenty thousand is four miles to the south. The great New York to Albany Highway passes through the Village wide enough for four automobiles to travel abreast. The Village Corporation has its own architect and it renders Financial Assistance to those desirous of erecting a permanent home or a Summer bungalow at Graymoor.

Those interested should communicate with the Acting-Secretary of the Village Corporation, Mr. James L. McGill, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

Graymoor Tabernacle Guild

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GOTHIC VESTMENTS from \$40.00 Up

* * * *

Rev. and Dear Sisters:

I am enclosing check for the beautiful Benediction Veil received from you on Saturday. It far surpasses my expectations and, I am sure, will add considerably to the beauty of our ceremonies.

Sincerely in Christ,

Charles E. Schmidt, S.J.

Address orders to:

THE SISTERS OF THE ATONEMENT

Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

GUESTS WELCOME AT OUR LADY'S GRAYMOOR HOSTEL



The far-famed Highlands-of-the-Hudson is beyond controversy one of the most beautiful stretches of country in the whole world and some think that Graymoor is the most beautiful portion of this same Hudson River Region.

The Sisters of the Atonement will welcome the Daughters of Mary who for rest, recreation and refreshment come to sojourn for a while at Our Lady's Hostel.

Garrison the nearest post-office and railroad station on the New York Central Line, is a ride of about an hour and a half from the Grand Central Terminal. At Garrison Station taxicabs may be had to bring guests to the Hostel $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, the rate for a single passenger being \$1.00 and thirty-five cents for each additional traveller.

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- C. The Principal belongs to the Rock-of-Peter Foundation.

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Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

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